THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - *1,068*
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't y ou forget it.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SPRING GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceres Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful of many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T
BUY A STITCH OF
WEARING APPAREL!
OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
ALTOONA, PA.,
THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO
KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES
WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Remember we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

Young America Clothing House,
[3-2] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [11-9.]

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A
NEW MILLINERY
And Fancy Goods Store
AT 281 MAIN ST., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

And respectfully invite the Ladies of Cambria and adjoining counties to give us a call, as we intend at all times to keep a full line of

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS,
Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Ribbons,
BLACK CRAPES, SILKS, Silk Velvets, Ornaments,
All kinds of Hair Goods, &c., &c.,

of the LATEST DESIGNS and BEST TEXTURES, which we will sell at prices that cannot fail to benefit all who favor us with their custom. Also,

Rustic and Polished FRAMES of all sizes.

New Goods of the latest styles and at popular prices will be received every day, and a first-class Milliner and Saleslady will be in constant attendance to wait on customers. A cordial invitation is extended to all the ladies of the land.

CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,
No. 281 Main Street, Johnstown.

NOTE.—The above relates only to our Branch Store in Johnstown, but it should not be forgotten by those who do their shopping in Altoona that our old-established Store is at 1307 Eleventh Avenue, where we keep a large and varied stock consisting of DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., which we sell at prices that cannot be surpassed for cheapness. [April 19, 1880.-tf.]

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

S. TEITELBAUM.

Carrolltown, May 21, 1880.-tf.

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100-page Pamphlet, 10c.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

DO YOU WANT $25 A DAY [illegible] QUAKER CITY GALVANIC CO. Philadelphia, Pa.

Clothing.

There is in Philadelphia a clothing-house that began a good many years ago to do a peculiar business. It marked goods in plain figures, and described them in plain letters; its prices were absolute, its descriptions were true. People had full knowledge of what they were buying there, and yet if afterward they were sorry they had bought, they could go back the next day and exchange for something else, or, if they liked, get their money back. It was a safe place to get clothes; it was a safe place to leave money.

People liked that house. It grew, and grew, and grew, until it became a great house. To-day it is the largest clothing-house anywhere; and it keeps up the old practices: no secrets about what its clothes are made of, one price, and the money back if the buyer wants it. Of course, it uses all grades of cloths that are worth using, and makes all grades of clothing that are worth making; for it serves all sorts of people.

Those at all familiar with Philadelphia already know that we are speaking of OAK HALL, the original of the WANAMAKER STORES. There has been great improvement in ready-made clothing in nineteen years; and OAK HALL has taken the lead equally in economy, reliability, and rapidity of production; in the quality of finished work; and in the development of a method of business having for its first object the satisfaction of customers.

It is worth your while to know that you, whoever and wherever you are, can get your clothing to better advantage there than anywhere else. If too far away to go, write. You will receive in reply samples of cloths, and prices of ready-made suits from them, with a diagram and instructions for measuring. The rest is plain.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
Sixth and Market streets,
Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
CLOTHING,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, &c.,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY
AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.

Carrolltown, March 19 1880.-tf.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office on 14th Street, between 10th and 11th Avenues. [5-7.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-tf.]

[Written for the FREEMAN.]

THE NOBLEST MAN OF ALL.

I.

By the city's feet flows onward
Mississippi, broad and grand;
Mighty timbers, floating downward,
Rafts, hewn out by woodman's hand.

II.

Rests the mighty length of timber
At the city's quiet feet;
Flows the river on in slumber—
Currents eddy, strong and deep.

III.

Sporting on the floating timbers,
See yon boy, so full of glee;
Glide his hours in golden numbers—
Life to him is minstrelsy.

IV.

By the raft dark flows the river—
Bears the current deep and strong;
Little whirlpools, forming over,
Waltzing as they glide along.

V.

Hark! that shout from fifty voices!
See! the boy will surely drown!
For the driving eddies seize him,
And vindictive drag him down.

VI.

Stand the raftsmen, mute and paling,
While the boy sinks 'neath the tide;
Every heart of courage failing—
Every soul seems petrified.

VII.

But a laborer near is toiling
In his coarse and soiled attire;
Though his time was spent in moiling,
In his soul burned heavenly fire.

VIII.

Heaven, the boy is drowning! sinking!
Not a helping hand to save!
Little is a mother thinking
That her child has found a grave.

IX.

Not a moment's time to ponder
Ere he plunged into the deep!
Five times now the boy is under—
Surely now in death he'll sleep!

X.

Cumbered in his wet apparel,
See the stalwart swimmer cleave,
Through the sweeping, rolling current,
Like a dolphin through the wave.

XI.

Where the boy's last breath up-bubbled,
Rising from the silent deep;
There the gallant swimmer struggled
With a strong, o'ermastering sweep.

XII.

And down, down into the river—
To the cool and silent bed—
Comes he up again, or never?
Comes he up but with the dead?

XIII.

Lo! at length far down the current,
There appears a human head;
'Tis the diver with his burthen,
But the youthful life is fled.

XIV.

Slow and heavily he presses
Through the turbid, rolling wave;
Slow! so slow the minute passes!
Yet around him yawns the grave!

XV.

Ha! at last the shore he's gaining
With his burthen limp and still;
Every eye on him is straining—
Hearts with anxious feelings thrill.

XVI.

Heavy garments weigh upon him,—
Swift the deadly current sweeps,—
All the lonely waters 'round him!
Yet his shoreward course he keeps.

XVII.

Calmly stepped he from the river,—
Calmly laid his burthen down;
Nobler deed was noted never
In the annals of renown!

XVIII.

Back he's gone to patient moiling—
Back to labor all the day;
Ne'er impatient, ne'er recoiling
From the sweat, and dust, and clay.

XIX.

Some men could be raised no higher
Did ye seat them on a throne,
For their lofty souls aspire
To things higher than a crown.

XX.

Though in clothes beclayed with labor,—
Though unknown to high renown,—
Like the Man who stood on Tabor,
Stand they high 'bove earthly frown.

XXI.

Yes, a workingman—a stranger,—
One who toiled for daily bread,
And was cradled in a manger,—
Without a place to lay his head;
Scorned he all earth's hosts and treasures,
Proffered by the evil one!
Kingdoms, powers, all earth's pleasures—
All the splendor 'neath the sun—
Were accounted less than bubbles,
Less than ripples on the wave;
For by death, through tribulation,
Humble souls He came to save!
Came He not august and mighty,
Glittering as a monarch grand;
But, behold Him, meek and lowly,
Followed by an humble band.

XXII.

So, toil on, thou son of labor,
For thou hast a mighty Friend;
If thou patient be, and sober,
Joy will greet thee at the end.

LORETTO, June, 1880. A. D. H.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM.—One of the Life Saving Stations on the California coast has been officially named the "Maggy Geddes." A little girl of that name in San Antonio, aged nine years, seeing a playmate fall in the mill-race, leaped in with great skill and coolness and after a desperate struggle succeeded in swimming with her ashore.

Another little girl, a year younger, in one of the New England towns, sprang into the river a few weeks ago, and rescued her baby brother from drowning, carrying him in her arms through the swift current, which reached her chin.

Now, it was a graceful act of recognition to real heroism for the Government to give the name of little Maggy Geddes to a Life-Saving Station, and it is right that these little heroines should be held up as examples of unselfish devotion to other girls and boys; always provided that the right lesson is drawn from the story.

Not many men, and very few children, ever have the chance to save another life at the risk of their own. Such supreme opportunities come but seldom. But every child should remember that just as much unselfishness, devotion and cool presence of mind can be shown in the little incessant matters of every day as go to make up some one great heroic deed.

In God's eye, it is not the size nor the dramatic effect of the action which counts, but its motive.

Many a young girl patiently bearing for years the cares of a disorganized household, or the peevishness of an invalid parent, or brother or sister; many a boy, bringing indomitable cheerfulness and love to the help of his tired mother, is entitled to more admiration and respect, and is just as heroic, as if in a spasmodic passion of courage they had momentarily faced death for those they loved.

LOST AND FOUND.

My father was a brewer in a very large way of business in Newport, Isle of Wight, and of course a man particularly well known in that small country town. The events now related happened soon after the old French war, and long before the establishment of railways, money order postoffices, the telegraph, and other modern conveniences.—Communication by mail was then under very heavy postage, and all communications and packages of above a certain weight had to be sent as "parcels" by the coaches. Hence bankers, goldsmiths and others who were in the habit of sending valuable packages, when they could not find a responsible person willing to take charge of such articles, sent such parcels by private hands in the luggage of passengers, rather than go to the expense of carriage and run the risk of loss by the guard.

My father had repeatedly carried bankers' parcels containing large sums from Newport to London and brought back similar parcels in return; but fearing any further responsibility, he at length declined all such future commissions except those from his own bankers, and those he could not well refuse. His business called him a good deal to London, and as he was methodical and orderly he got his full address engraved on a heavy brass plate, which was firmly riveted to the end of his black leathern portmanteau.

This was in the days of bank of England one pound notes and other paper money, and these securities answered instead of specie with the country banks, so that there was a constant passage and exchange of money parcels between the country banks and their London agencies. On the occasion in question, a money parcel had been duly taken to London and delivered, and the recipients inquired when the party (my father) was to return, in order that they might remit the usual reply parcel. The answer was that his stay was uncertain and he begged that the bankers would if possible find another messenger. But just as my father had all his luggage packed except the black leathern portmanteau, a clerk arrived from the banking house with an ominously large parcel, whose square foldings of strong paper and well sealed stringbands conveyed the unpleasant idea that it was one of more than ordinary value. At first the parcel was altogether declined and it was not until the clerk had assured the intended carrier that it had already been advised to the Newport bankers as sent by him, that it was accepted, and thrust into the portmanteau. Meanwhile the coach was delayed, the coachman and guard remonstrating loudly and my father was finally hurried inside the coach, having in the first place desired the "boots" of the inn to deposit the portmanteau in the boot of the coach, which, being under the feet of the coachman, was considered the safest place.

The coach arrived at Portsmouth, whence the sailing packet transferred the passengers to the Isle of Wight across the Solent. There were at that time no steamboats, and when the wind and tide were contrary, the passage, although only of five miles, often took from two to three hours to accomplish. Great indeed was the dismay when, on unloading the coach, the black leathern portmanteau could not be found. The coachman and guard were strictly interrogated, but to no purpose. All that could be ascertained with certainty from the coachman and box-seat passenger—both of whom were above suspicion—was that either one or the other of them had their feet on the cover of the boot the whole night, and that no single article had been removed, nor had the boot been opened once.

Clearly, then, the only thing to be done was to write to the London bankers, and to the inn-keeper, with a strict charge to find out from the "boots" what he had done with the portmanteau, and to await events. On examination the "boots" declared that he had put the gentleman's portmanteau into the coach, as he had done many times before, and that he had at the same time attended to the rest of the luggage. The reply of the London bankers was that every inquiry possible had been made without discovery, and that the parcel contained ten thousand pounds of Bank of England notes, payment of which had been stopped.

This was a pleasant story to go to the country bank with, and as it was not a very large concern, the loss (should loss occur) would be almost ruinous. My father met the partners and stated the facts. Some proposed advertising, but as the name and address in full was on the portmanteau and as the owner was so well known as a public man, it was thought best to wait and see what might turn up; all parties acquainted with the facts being strictly charged in the meantime to keep the matter absolutely secret, and that nothing whatever should be said outside. In spite of all this, my father felt that he was in a most disagreeable position, especially when the rumor went around every gossiping tea-table in the town that Mr. —— had been intrusted with a parcel containing ten thousand pounds, which, not being accountable for, he had made away with.

Things went on in this way for some weeks when one night after all had retired my father was startled by a violent knocking at his front door, and on his opening his bedroom window, which was almost directly above the door, and hailing the intruder, he was answered by the welcome shout: "Is that you Mr. ——, and have you lost a portmanteau? I have one here in my hand with your name upon it, and as the tide will only serve half an hour longer, and my vessel must soon be under weigh, I ventured to awaken you."

"Have you any one with you?" inquired my father.

"Yes," replied the man who was the master of a coasting schooner; "my cabin boy."

"Well, tell him," said my father, "to go back to the schooner, and let the hands take her down the river, and wait for you at Cowes. You shall join her to-morrow.—Meantime, I will pay all charges."

"Very well," said the captain. "Come down and take in the portmanteau, and I will see you in the morning."

"No; that will not do at all," was the reply. "You must come with me at once; and don't let the portmanteau out of your hand for a minute—it is of more value than you think; and I will be down directly."

He dressed and came down, and took the captain and his load away to the banker's house; knocked up all hands, and sent out for the other partners, before he would allow a word of explanation to be said. When all were assembled:

"Now," said my father to the captain, "tell these gentlemen just how you became possessed of the portmanteau; and by all means assure them that my hands have never touched it since it came into your possession," which the captain at once assured them was the case.

The captain's story was, that while lying in the Thames at London, waiting for a return coasting freight, he had visited all the warehouses where he was likely to find any goods for the Isle of Wight, when one of the warehousemen said:

"Isle of Wight—do you know the place, and also Newport?"

The captain replied that he knew both, and almost every man in the town.

"Well, then you may know this man," and the black leathern portmanteau was produced.

"Oh, yes," said the captain. "I know him well, and have goods for him on board the schooner. I will take charge, and pay anything there may be for warehousing."

The warehouseman made a small charge, said he did not know how the trunk came there, but that he was glad to be rid of it; and the captain carried it off, and in due time it arrived at its proper destination, as described.

"Now," said my father to the senior partner, "take this key and open the trunk. I do not know whether the parcel is there or not; all I know is that I put it there, but under protest at the time."

The portmanteau was opened, and the parcel found with all its seals intact. The captain was dismissed for the night, with a charge to call at the bank the next day, and father returned to his bed the happiest man in the world.

The next day, in purely self-defence, the story had to be told all around the town, so as to silence the gossippers. The captain called at the bank the next day and received as a reward a sum beyond his expectations, and which found the schooner a new suit of sails.

How the portmanteau came to be transferred from the boot of the coach to the warehouse was never explained, which I consider not the least curious feature of the story. No one seemed to know anything about it, nor indeed were many inquiries made.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

One cold December morning about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousands of them together. Some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists nowadays. But instead of walking-sticks they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannon.

In fact, these tourists were nothing less than a French army; and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work, certainly, even for the strongest man, to wade for miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and biting wind, along these narrow, slippery mountain-paths, with precipices hundreds of feet deep all round. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching, and tramped along through the deep snow and cold, gray mist, through which the great mountain peaks overhead loomed like shadowy giants as merrily as if he were going to a picnic. This was a little drummer-boy of 10 years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke all the echoes with the lively rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line, with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow."

The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute, for this rough-looking man was no other than the General himself, "Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

"Long live our General," shouted a hoarse voice, and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange uncanny sort of a whispering far away up the great white mountain side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, lads!" roared the General; "it's an avalanche!"

But, before his men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge-path with a water-fall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stones and loose earth, and uprooted bushes, and great blocks of cold blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down over the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what had happened one cry arose from every mouth.

"Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"

Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and, when they shouted his name, there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hard old soldier who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into his eyes at the thought that that bright face would never be seen among them again.

But all at once, far below them, out of the shadow of the black unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air.

"He's alive, comrades! our Pierre's alive, after all!"

"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!"

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice from behind, and the General himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

"No, no, General!" cried the grenadiers with one voice; "you mustn't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together."

"My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son."

The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the General was swinging in mid-air, down, down, till he vanished at last into the darkness of the cold, black depth below.

Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearance, for they knew well that he never would come back without the boy, and that the chance was terribly against him.

Meanwhile Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

"Pierre!" shouted he, at the top of his voice, "where are you, my boy!"

"Here, General!" answered a weak voice, so faint that he could barely distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head half buried in a mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once; and although he sank waist-deep at every step, reached the spot at last.

"All right now, my brave boy," said the General cheerily. "Put your arms round my neck and hold tight; we'll have you out of this in a minute."

The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength; and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms about his neck their hold gave way directly.

What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing colds of that dismal place would make the rescuer as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But Gen. Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash and knotting one end of it to the rope he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to draw up.

And when the two came swinging up into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

"We've been under fire and snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly, "and nothing shall part us two after this, so long as we both live."

And the General kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping, white-haired old man, who had once been the famous Marshal Macdonald; and he leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, black-mustached, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.—*Western Catholic.*

WEARY WOMEN.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she signally fails in it, but the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the woman of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil—toil that is never ended and never begun—without making life a treadmill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go on. Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor, is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful adviser and guide of the one, the tender, confident helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible, the constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness and more than all her youth—the last that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the overworked woman this green old age is out of question; old age comes on her sere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper soured, her very nature is changed by the burden which, being too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine,—a woman without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing is for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come; and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.—*Sanitary Magazine.*

HOURS AND MINUTES.—Why is one hour divided into sixty minutes? and each minute again into sixty seconds? Why not divide our time like we do our money, by tens, counting ten, or fifty or one hundred minutes to an hour. This question was asked by an intelligent boy a few days since; and the answer given him may both interest and instruct other young people. The answer is this: We have sixty divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches, because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexigesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system; but for common and practical purposes, they counted by sossi and sari, the sossos, representing sixty, and the saros, sixty times sixty, is thirty-six hundred. From Hipparchus that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., and hence was carried down the stream of science and civilization, and found the way to our dial plates of our clocks and watches.

A YORK COUNTY ROMANCE.

The recent death of Paul Kunkle in York, at the age of 79 years, recalls to mind the history of a tragedy which at the time created much interest there and in Maryland, and of which he nearly proved to be a victim. The circumstances, as gathered from his son and neighbors who have known him for the past forty years, are as follows:

About thirty years ago Paul Kunkle accompanied his brother to Baltimore, whence the latter was to sail to the home of his nativity in Germany. Having seen him off, Mr. Kunkle started on foot for his home in York, carrying with him an old umbrella. With him was a companion, who left him at Cockeysville, intending there to take the train and ride to Glen Rock, his destination, having become tired of footing it. Kunkle kept on his way on foot, and at Parkton met a stranger, with whom a conversation was begun, which finally ended in an exchange of umbrellas, the stranger giving a much better one than that which he received. Together the two men then kept on their way until York was finally reached, and the stranger, who gave his name as Conrad Winter, persuaded Kunkle to receive him at his home. Winter remained with the Kunkles several days and had with him a number of articles, which he endeavored to give or sell to the family. He offered a pair of ladies' shoes in exchange for one of Kunkle's shirts, and the bargain being a good one, as the shoes were quite new, it was accepted. He offered a cap to one of the boys, but, it being too large, was told to keep it, and also presented a handsome snuff-box to one of the children, which was likewise declined, on the plea that the child had no use for it. On the first morning of his arrival he stated that a murder had been committed in Maryland, and that the murderer had not been caught. Soon after his departure it was learned that a murder had been committed near Parkton on the morning on which Kunkle had been seen in the place, and detectives, who were already on the trail, traced Kunkle to his home, where the umbrella and the pair of shoes were identified as the property of a Mrs. Cooper, the victim. He was at once arrested and thrown in jail at York, where he was kept several months, being finally taken to Baltimore. Mrs. Kunkle about that time gave birth to a child. Paul Kunkle, under the weight of trouble, became insane, or at least his reason was so unsettled that he could not give a lucid explanation of how the things had come into his possession or from whom he had obtained them. A true bill was found against him, and several trials were had, which resulted in his conviction and sentence to death. The period of his confinement in the Baltimore prison was about ten months, during which time every effort was made to establish his innocence. Acquaintances from York testified to his uniform good conduct, but the circumstantial evidence of his being in the vicinity at the fatal time, and the possession of the articles, was too grave to be overthrown. Being a Catholic, the Bishop of Philadelphia took great interest in his case, visiting him in his prison at York, and, it is understood, at Baltimore also. Finally, about eight days before the time fixed for the execution, his mind became clear, and he was able to explain his leaving Baltimore with one man and his meeting with the other, with whom he exchanged umbrellas, and described them both. Officers of the law were put upon the track, and before long the man with whom he left Baltimore was found, who, strange to say, shortly after parting with Kunkle, had met with Winter, and had seen the umbrella, shoes and other articles. Winter's appearance was described, tallying with that given by Kunkel, and once more the officers were successful in their search, Winter betraying himself by one of those slight actions which so often lead to the arrest of criminals when they feel the safest.

During all this time Winter, who was a blacksmith, had kept in his possession the stolen snuff-box, and one day, while at work at Ashland, pulled it from his pocket and handed it to a fellow-workman, who wished a pinch of its contents. This workman discovered what the murderer never had, that the name of Mrs. Cooper was engraved upon a silver plate within the box. Being familiar with the incident, he at once informed an officer, who made the arrest, and upon trial Winter was convicted and condemned. Paul Kunkle was saved!

Upon the scaffold Conrad Winter confessed his guilt, stating that when young he had been bound to a Mrs. Goodwin, residing near Perkton, who had compelled him to steal sheep for her benefit. Upon one of his expeditions he was captured and sent to the penitentiary for his offense, and while there swore his revenge upon his mistress should be death when he was released. Upon the evening of the murder he was walking along the road swinging a light switch, when before him he saw a woman whom he took to be Mrs. Goodwin. Seizing a stone, a heavy blow crushed her skull and she fell dead. Upon turning her over and seeing her face he found that he had killed the wrong woman, it being Mrs. Cooper. Drawing her to a fence corner he covered her with brush, took possession of the shoes she had just purchased from the store, with the other articles, and made his escape, meeting Kunkle and casting suspicion upon him as stated. Mr. Kunkle has lived to a good old age in the community, respected by all, the dark cloud of suspicion once resting upon him having fortunately been cleared away.

A MEMENTO OF BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION.—The Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* says that the following letter is an exact copy of one now on file in the Post Office Department at Washington. It was received in obedience to orders to postal officials to make quarterly reports of the condition of their offices:

July the 9 1857
fulton Co ills

mister james buckanin president of the United States Deer Sur Bean required by the instructions of the post office to report quarterly, i now foolfill that pleasin duty by reportin as follows. The Harvestin has been goin on perty, and most of the nabors have got thur cuttin abought done wheat is hardley a average crop on rollin lans corn is yellowlish and wont turn out more than ten or fifteent booshils to the aker the health of the communitie is only Tolerable meesills and colery have broke outin about 2 and a half miles from hear, thair air powerful awaken on the subject of religun in the potts naborhood an meny soals are being made to know there sins forgiven misses nancy Smith a neer nabor had twins day before yisterdy one of them is supposed to be a seven monther is a poar scraggy thing, and wont live half its days this is about awl i know and have to report the present quartrer give my respects to misses Buckcannin and subskrib myself yoors Trooley.

Abigal jenkins
p m at fulton Co ills.

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one at least, is the fairest face in all the world; that the heart which to her is the greatest and most blest, holds her sacred in its utmost recesses above all other women, gives strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will blossom and sweeten and brighten in perpetual youth.

"TROUSERS under the skirt," remarks a fashion paper, "are universally worn by equestriennes." Well, yes; we should think that was the proper place to wear them. An equestrienne with trousers outside the skirt would be a spectacle sufficiently startling to attract considerable human attention, if, indeed, it would not scare the horse. And then to consider the amount of ingenuity required to get both l—gs of them on over the same skirt.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JULY 9, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
Of Jefferson County.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
Of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.
[*Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.*]
FOR STATE SENATOR:
HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',
[*Subject to decision of Democratic Convention.*]
FOR ASSEMBLY:
JOHN FENLON, of Ebensburg.
L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.
FOR PROTHONOTARY:
CHARLES A. LANGBEIN, of Chest Township.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTORS:
FRANCIS J. BAKER, (3 years,) of Susquehanna.
GEORGE W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* in its despair asks, "Can Rebels and Copperheads support a Union soldier that did them so much damage as Hancock did?" Well, it looks very much at the present writing as though they not only can, but that they are fatally bent upon doing so.

ALTHOUGH Grant has not said, as it was at first reported he had, that he will vote for Hancock, he does not make any secret of saying that he believes Hancock will be elected. In this connection it is proper to remark that Grant's dispatch to Garfield congratulating him on his nomination has never been published, for the reason that it is still on its travels and has never come into Garfield's possession.

THE committee appointed by the Cincinnati convention to notify General Hancock of his nomination will perform that duty on Monday next, in the city of New York, when and where Gen. Hancock will be present. The committee consists of one member of the convention from each of the thirty-eight States, Hon. John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, President of the convention, being its chairman.

IT is a mistake to say, as many newspapers do, that Grant, Hancock and McClellan were all graduates of the same class at West Point. Grant graduated in the class of 1843; Hancock in that of 1844, and McClellan in the class of 1846. In the last named year, when war was declared against Mexico, all three were Lieutenants in their respective regiments—went with General Scott to that country and served under him until the close of the war.

"WHAT will your policy be, General?" was one of several questions put to Gen. Hancock by a reporter of the New York *World*, a few hours after his nomination at Cincinnati. Hancock's reply was: "Democratic, of course. Whether in or out of the high office of President, I believe that honest self-government is the highest gift a people can have, and that is in a nutshell what I believe to be the spirit of Democracy and the Cincinnati convention." This is a brief, but at the same time a comprehensive and accurate, statement of the whole case.

HANCOCK'S nomination has aroused a feeling of wild Democratic enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land, unprecedented since the days of "Old Hickory." From Maine to Oregon, and from Michigan to Florida, the Democratic pulse has been quickened and invigorated—not a word or murmur of discontent is heard, but, on the contrary, the grand, old Historic party is united everywhere, and will make Hancock's election so overwhelming that a Returning Board in every Republican State wouldn't be able to count him out.

WHILE Hendricks, Thurman and Bayard have promptly responded to the action of the Cincinnati convention by each in his own State addressing a Hancock ratification meeting, both Blaine and Sherman have been as dumb as oysters, so far as Garfield's nomination is concerned. This, however, may arise from the fact that the Republican party is not engaged in the ratification business this year to any alarming extent. Even the tongue of Bob Ingersoll, the discover of the "Plumed Knight" of Maine, is silent, nor has our own Henry M. Hoyt relieved himself of any of his pent-up supply of star spangled banner oratory.

FOR the future guidance of the editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, we beg leave to inform him that Cardinal M'Closkey, of New York, don't sign his name "JOHN, Archbishop," and that the pretended dispatch from "JOHN, Archbishop," to General Hancock, which appeared in that paper on Tuesday last, is a stupid and silly forgery, and so transparent as instantly to be detected. The *Tribune* endorses the telegram as genuine, and is therefore just as guilty of the forgery as the man who originally concocted it. The *Tribune* has made a good beginning, but it might improve it vastly by getting up a first class dispatch to Gen. Hancock from Pope Leo himself.

IF John Harrison, a colored man of Charles City, Virginia, who claims to be 107 years old, can't tell a lie, then a statement which he has just made about George Washington shows that although the story is a little rough on the aforesaid George, he could sometimes take a hand at enjoying life in true old Virginia style. This colored centennarian recently said to the editor of the James River *Herald*: "I am old enough to 'member General Washington; I waited on him in dis very room. Dey sot over in dat room, and played cards and smoked, and I's went in dis room and I's toted my waiter as much as I could tote. *full of wine and whisky, till four o'clock in de mornin'.*"

DID General Hancock hang a poor Irish-Catholic woman by the name of Mrs. Surratt for keeping a boarding-house?—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Didn't you, oh! most tender hearted and sympathetic editor of the *Tribune*, proclaim from the housetops in July, 1865, when Mary E. Surratt was judicially murdered by the act of a Republican military commission, that she was guilty and deserved to be hung? You had then no crocodile tears to shed over the cruel fate of this "poor Irish-Catholic woman by the name of Mrs. Surratt," whose hanging, after the lapse of fifteen years, moves you now for a political purpose to play the part of a hypocrite. Is it because Mrs. Surratt was "a poor Irish-*Catholic* woman," that at this late day you step to the front as one of her chief mourners? If she had been a poor Irish-*Presbyterian* woman, you would no doubt have condoned the crime, so intense and well known is your love for the Catholic Irish. When the *Tribune* supported for Auditor General, and afterwards for Governor, the man whose military duty it became to superintend the details of Mrs. Surratt's execution (we refer of course to John F. Hartranft), had you any insinuations to make against him for the hanging of this "poor Irish-Catholic woman?" None that we remember. On the day after your great and illustrious friend, Gen. Grant, was slaughtered by the Chicago convention, he attended a soldiers' reunion at Milwaukee, and when asked by a newspaper reporter who in his opinion would be nominated at Cincinnati, replied that he believed Gov. Seymour would be the man. To the further question whether the Mrs. Surratt matter would injure Gen. Hancock if he should be the nominee, Grant said: "There are perhaps some fools who will use that against him, but Hancock is no more responsible for her execution than I am." The past experience of the *Tribune* ought to have taught its editor that he cannot coax Irish Democrats to dance to his campaign music, even though the piece now played by him is entitled "The hanging of Mrs. Surratt."

IN order that our readers may fully understand the true character of Gen. Hancock and his capacity for the administration of civil affairs, we will publish in our next issue his celebrated order No 40, dated at New Orleans, November 29, 1867, when he assumed command of the Fifth Military District, composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas, and also his no less remarkable letter to Governor Pease of Texas, dated March 9, 1868, in reply to the application of the Governor for the establishment of military commissions in that State. Seven days after the date of this letter, General Grant, who was then General of the army, having been invested by a Republican Congress with extraordinary powers, determined to humiliate Hancock before the people he was sent to govern, and with that purpose in in view relieved him of the command. Hancock, for several reasons, knew that the official hand of his superior was raised to strike, but he was prepared for the blow, as he had just written to a Democratic member of Congress from this State: "I am prepared for any event, *but nothing can intimidate me from doing what I believe to be honest and right.*" The man who wrote these words under the circumstances which then surrounded him, deserves an imperishable monument, and such will be the verdict of the American people.

THE editor of the Altoona *Radical* is responsible for the statement that General Hancock is not a lineal descendant of John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, but that he is the son of Richard Hancock, an Englishman, whose brother and sister (Mrs. Reynolds) both lived in Altoona, the sister having died there only a year ago. This is said to be the age of discovery, and it is barely possible that sometime during the present campaign the *Radical* will succeed in making the discovery that Gen. Hancock is the son of Benjamin Franklin Hancock, a soldier of the war of 1812—that he was a lawyer in Philadelphia and that he removed to Norristown in 1828, when his son Winfield S. Hancock, now the Democratic candidate for President, was four years old. The editor of the *Radical* will learn a great many things about Hancock between this and the time referred to by Garfield in his speech at the Chicago convention as "the melancholy days of November."

DON CAMERON, declining to comply with Garfield's personal appeal, published a letter early last week absolutely refusing to act as Chairman of the Republican National Committee during the present campaign. When Grant went down to his political grave at Chicago, Cameron knew that *his* leadership in his own State was shattered and gone, and so it is. He says he is sick and can't possibly attend to Garfield's business, but does any one imagine that if Grant had been nominated Cameron would not have been entirely willing to run the campaign. At a meeting of the Committee on Friday last in New York, ex-Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, was chosen Chairman. During his second term Grant appointed Jewell to the office of Postmaster General, but he didn't wear well, and Grant, soon finding out that he was not the *jewel* he took him to be, got rid of him by unceremoniously kicking him out of the cabinet.

A HANCOCK CLUB was formed in Utica, N. Y., two days after Hancock's nomination, and Gen. James Gridley, an influential Republican, who was chairman of the county convention, in February last, that elected Conkling a delegate to the N. Y. State convention, came to the front and accepted the Presidency of the Club. On taking the chair he said:

"I never went into any movement with greater pleasure than this one for the purpose of organizing to support such a good soldier as General Hancock. I congratulate the Democratic party on giving us the chance to vote for such a man. His election is a foregone conclusion. He was elected as soon as he was nominated. He will give us a superb soldier-President. He will receive the votes of the blue and the gray. His utterances during the war showed him to be a statesman. Those who served under him will be glad to rally to his support."

THE population of Chicago by the completed census is 501,079.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

CAMBRIA FIRST AND MAJOR MOSES VEALE SECOND—EXCESSIVE HEAT—WATER FAMINE—STARVATION BOOMS—INVADING RIGHTS—UNITED IRISHMEN—HISTORIC SAMS—ATTRACTING ATTENTION—THE NATIONAL CHAIRMAN—COST OF PRESIDENTIAL BOOMS—THE CITY BATH HOUSE—NOT ANNOYED BY SHARKS—AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, July 3, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

The FREEMAN, I am pleased to know, can with truth proudly boast of the nomination of General Hancock being a big feather in the cap of the Cambria Democracy, inasmuch as Cambria was the first county in the United States to instruct its delegates to the State Convention in his favor. While Cambria can justly boast of this fact, Philadelphia can lay claim to having the first man in the State to publicly declare himself for Hancock. On the 13th of April, in the Jefferson Club room of the 29th ward of this city, while organizing to attend the Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg, Major Moses Veale, the ball-riddled hero and veteran of a score of battles, on being called to the chair addressed the Club, if not in the precise words I give at least to the same effect, though more eloquent and expressive. As nearly as I can remember, he expressed himself as follows: "We are about to enter upon the most important political campaign since the foundation of our government. It is of the utmost importance that we make no false step. Upon the action of our national convention the issue of the perpetuating of civil government is depending. We must have a candidate for the Presidency whose record is stainless—whose mind is of that political foresight and comprehension to grasp the great questions of government and whose courage will execute what he conceives to be right. Such a man is Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock."

It Cambria was first to instruct delegates for Gen. Hancock, Major Moses Veale was the first man in the State to declare for Hancock in a public speech. Major Veale is not a dress parade Democratic soldier, nor is he a fussy machine Democratic politician, but a real battle-scarred Union soldier, and a solid representative Democrat of integrity, honesty and ability. He is also one of Hancock's veteran friends and will come to the front with the General.

EXCESSIVE HEAT—DEATH RECORD.

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness—some boundless contiguity of shade." Oh, for an efficient antidote for the sickening atmosphere of the crowded city! Oh, for a pure and invigorating health-giving salt water air or mountain breeze! Oh, for a feasting of the eyes on picturesque scenery! The city is suffocating from the heat. The streets are fiery and the houses are scorching. In the narrow courts and foul alleys, breathing the pestilential odors from the foul gutters, are weak women and children dying slowly from the poisonous vapors. There was an increase in the number of deaths in this city this week of upward of 40 per cent. over the corresponding week of last year. Nor does the noxious odors content themselves with permeating the atmosphere of the purlieu, but rise on the air and spread over the whole city. The heat is fearful. Those who find no terror in this great amount of mundane caloric, their apprehensions are presumably not excited by the fiery possibilities of the hereafter. Those whose cuffs, collars and shirt bosoms are not limp in this battle of sweat and starch are admirably constituted. The salamander whose linen maintains its stiffness must indeed be happy at his immunity from the continuous watery ooze which moistens the otherwise parched skins of other mortals. The death record in large cities of a week of such weather as has lately been endured along the Atlantic coast of the Middle States is startling. Then it is that the young among the poor classes, confined to hot and dusty streets or caged in filthy and ill ventilated rooms, are swept away as if by a plague. Indeed, cholera infantum in such places and at these times assumes almost the proportions of a plague; for, while the disease may not be contagious, the conditions which produce it in one instance can hardly fail to exist in scores of others near at hand. Cleanliness, pure air and wholesome food are the prerequisites to health. From the lack of these hundreds of thousands of little ones are each year carried to their graves.

A WATER FAMINE APPREHENDED.

Everywhere throughout this vast city is a shameless, needless waste of the aqueous fluid. There is a careless, wanton, useless waste made of the water in every street and alley of the city, which should be checked. An immense amount is daily wasted without the slightest earthly use or benefit to anybody, through traditional washing of the pavements. Chief Engineer McFadden's communication to Mayor Stokely gives official warning of the apprehension of a water famine in this city.

LOOK OUT FOR STARVATION BOOMS.

The country has had a surfeit of walking and other booms, and it may now confidently expect a surfeit of starvation booms. The feat of fasting for forty days, commenced in Milwaukee on the 28th ultimo by Dr. Tanner, will doubtless initiate a series of starvation matches. If the Doctor succeeds in his feat of fasting forty days, it is quite certain he will not be allowed to remain the champion of the world in starvation. If he survives his forty days' fast every city and town in the Union will have a starvation boom. Ebensburg will of course turn out a starvation doctor. A county that can boast of a man who can jump *sixty-six* feet in three standing jumps can surely produce a man who can starve himself forty days.

INVADING THE RIGHTS OF EMPLOYES.

If it is true, as reported, that the lady clerks in Washington have been asked to contribute to the Republican campaign fund, and that threats have been made to discharge them in order to enforce involuntary subscriptions, it is a scandalous invasion of the rights of employes. The Republican Congressional Committee has gone to work with a vengeance in an effort to raise campaign funds. Let us hope that their infamous invasion on the rights of the female employes may be sternly rebuked. Here is the assessment made for the Republican campaign fund:

The Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, of which Hon. Edward McPherson is chairman, has issued a circular assessing all the employes of the executive departments an amount equal to 2 per cent. of their saleries. The circular concludes: "Please make prompt and favorable response to this letter by bank check, draft or postal money order, payable to the order of General Francis Dawson, Treasurer, P. O. lock box 723, Washington, D. C."

THE HISTORIC "SAMS."

Sam is a name that has its historic and literary associations, and is both scriptural and classic. Besides the Scriptural, Revolutionary and Pickwickian Samuels, the United States has been prolific in the production of conspicuous Samuels. A few of our modern historic Sams are Sam Patch, Sam Weller, Sam Houston, Sam Johnston, Sam Bowles, Sam Adams, Sam Tilden, and Sambo himself, not forgetting Philadelphia's two illustrious and whole-souled political manipulators, Sam Randall and Sam Josephs.

WAS NOT ANNOYED BY SHARKS.

Paul Boynton, the man fish who took a trip from Philadelphia to Fortescue Beach, has returned to the city and denies the story that he was annoyed by sharks during his trip down the bay. He is going from here to Boston to give exhibitions. Why don't Paul go over the falls of Niagara in one of his suits? He thinks he could do it with safety. The Philadelphia *Record* man said some time ago that he thought Paul would make an attempt to go over the falls when he got married. I do wish Paul would get married.

"UNITED IRISHMEN OF AMERICA."

An exceptional interest attaches to a convention of Irishmen which was held in this city during all of last week.—Among these "Irish Patriots" were an unusually large number of men of character, ability and intelligence. They met to discuss the political needs of Ireland and to formulate a policy for her redemption from the misrule which oppresses her unhappy people. The participants in convention numbered as high as 150, and the convention was rendered doubly interesting by the arrival of two delegates from Ireland—fine looking men about 30 years of age—whose appearances were more like aristocratic English travellers than representatives of the land of the oppressed. To-day a mass meeting of Irishmen will be held in the Broad Street Park, where the action of the body will be admitted for approval. The names of the two delegates from Ireland are not to be made public—a precaution which is necessary from the fact that they can be made to answer in the old country for any opinions expressed on this side of the "herring pond."

THE NATIONAL CHAIRMAN.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that Senator Wm. A. Wallace possesses all the qualities essential for the Chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, and strongly urges him for that position. The Presidential candidate being a Pennsylvanian, and Senator Wallace having largely contributed to Hancock's nomination, it thinks that the members of the committee should consider these things and make Wallace their chairman. The *Enquirer* says:

Being a Senator from General Hancock's State, being his warm personal friend, being the tenacious and foremost advocate of his nomination, Senator Wallace is the logical chairman of the committee and manager of the campaign.

If Senator Wallace is made Chairman of the National Committee, Hancock will carry Pennsylvania.

COST OF THE PRESIDENTIAL BOOM AT CINCINNATI.

In a perusal of the Philadelphia *Record's* "chips" on the proceedings of the Cincinnati convention, a great contrast is found in the expenses of the different booms. At some of the boom headquarters champagne flowed in rivers, and no one who had the run of such quarters learned the taste of the execrable cholera morbus mixture which flows in front of the Queen City of the West. The Tilden boom was the most extensive one. It had branch booms at all the best hotels in the city, where impecunious delegates of variable dispositions were quartered at the boom's expense so as to hold them securely. This boom cost somebody's "bar'l" over $30,000. The Hancock boom bill for lemonade and other necessaries which enter into a great excitement like a Presidential battle, under the frugal management of Gen. St. Clair Mulholland only cost $800. The Bayard boom, at the parlors of the St. Nicholas, run by August Belmont and Schell, who had plenty of money of their own to spend, drafted at least $2,000. Payne's boom, which was a very painful one, cost Payne and son many thousand dollars. The Morrison, Thurman, Ewing, English, Hendricks and Lowland booms were not much—merely specs on the boom's face—there costs not being more than enough to give the immediate friends of each a good time. I forgot in speaking of the Payne boom to say that it was a kind of side show to the Tilden boom, and both accounts should be reckoned in the same ledger. The Randall boom is set down as being a rather melancholy affair. From the proportions it is represented to have assumed, its cost was supposed to have not been much more than $1.87½. The *Record's* "Convention Chips" descriptive of the different Presidential booms at Cincinnati, are notes of considerable interest.

A SOLEMN RATIFICATION.

With a solemnity that befitted a funeral, the National Union League of this city dismissed its smiles and cheers and ratified the nomination of its Presidential candidate, whom not a baker's dozen of the members would have commended to the Chicago convention. It is said the features of the members solemnly reflected the solemnity of the ratification of a man whose nomination they honestly regarded as a blunder. The ratification of the dark-horse Presidential candidate was a work of great solemnity.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE FOURTH ON THE FIFTH.

The various festivities arranged for the 5th was a salute of trumpets from the four towers of the Centennial Building at 9 A. M.; military exercise at 12 M.; national ceremonies at 2 P. M.; carnival at 6 P. M.; organ recitals at 8 P. M.; illumination of the building at 9 P. M., after which a costume ball. The festival was the grandest demonstration ever given in connection with the anniversary of our National Independence.

Fire crackers and noise are the twin features of a proper traditional observance of the national birthday. Those excellent forefathers of ours, to whom we owe great respect, and to whom we every now and then allude with great pleasure, would be at once flattered and astonished could they see to what a height of effusive enthusiasm we have carried the celebration of the glorious Fourth. The ubiquitous small boy is most active and demonstrative in initiating and keeping up the racket without which any commemoration of the day would be a miserable failure; but a great many children of a larger growth, heartily sympathizing with the juvenile lover of his country furnish him with the wherewithal to purchase his explosives, and encourage him by the example of shooting muskets or revolvers themselves. The Fourth of July has been a carnival of gunpowder ever since it began to be celebrated in this country. The progress of almost one hundred years garnered from all sides the successive appliances that human invention has devised for surprising the eye and ear, until the outcome is the inauguration at this time of little less than a pandemonium.

AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

Sixty delegates representing every State and Territory in the Union, attended the thirteenth annual convention of the American Protestant Association. The order, it seems, has increased in strength during the past year, the increase being especially notable in this State. The delegates had a long and warm discussion over a proposal to strike out the word "white" from the Constitution. The object of those who favored the amendment was the admission of colored men to membership in the order, the colored man being now excluded. This motion was defeated by a large majority. Thus does the American Protestant Association draw the "color line" by refusing to admit the negro to membership.

G. N. S.

PREJUDICE KILLS.—"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we poohed at for two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents.

THE jewelry store of L. V. B. Soper, in Sunbery, was entered at noon on Monday by thieves, and goods valued at $1,000 stolen.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A woman was wounded in the nose and an infant shot dead by careless boys in Milwaukee on Monday.

—One soldier killed another at Fort Stockton, and for punishment was forced under a strong guard to dig his victim's grave.

—A St. Paul negro fell off a building thirty feet to the pavement, striking squarely on his head. He was all right in a day or two.

—Michael Burke was sentenced at Wilksbarre, on Saturday, to nine years imprisonment for the murder of his wife in February last.

—Patrick Coshen and Thomas Kennelly, boys, were killed by a railroad train, near Coburg, Ont. Both were drunk at the time.

—Mr. William H. English is six feet in height and weighs nearly 200 pounds. His complexion is dark, his hair and beard are iron-gray.

—Hugh Hanna and his five children were drowned while attempting to drive across a submerged bridge near Bryant, Iowa, on Sunday evening.

—Senator Garfield and General Hancock will be invited to be present at Boston's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary on the 17th of September next.

—Elias Heiser, a married man, forty years of age, while fishing at Allentown on Saturday afternoon was taken with a fit and fell in the water, drowning before assistance arrived.

—The Congressional elections of this year will come under the present apportionment. Those of 1882 willl undoubtedly take place under the apportionment based on the census of 1880.

—A man was caught on the fly passing through Pittsburg who declared that neither Hancock nor Garfield can win. The man who gives this opinion is Weaver, Greenback candidate for President.

—Lincoln R. Bulkely, of Chicago, and C. M. Harley, of Osage, Iowa, were drowned while bathing in the Hudson river at Milton, N. Y., on Friday afternoon. Neither was over 20 years of age.

—An exchange says: "Gen. Garfield might have stolen himself rich during his congressional career and it is to his *credit* that he is comparatively a poor man." It is to his *Credit Mobilier* that he is a shockingly poor candidate.

—There was a riot in Troy Mills, Iowa, on Monday, growing out of the slapping of a man's face for insulting a woman. Several hundred persons took part in a "free fight," and 34 were wounded—four, it is believed, fatally.

—Maria O'Brien, 7 years of age, and Bella Keysmeyer, aged 6, were killed by the Hudson river cars, near Dutchess Junction, on Monday. The children were crossing a drawbridge at the time. Annie Bradley, an older girl, escaped.

—General Duncan S. Walker, one of Hancock's workers at Cincinnati, after a consultation with some of the shrewdest political observers in New York, expresses the firm belief that the State will give Hancock from 30,000 to 50,000.

—A respectable woman at Lafayette, Ind., has never been legally married to the man whom she regards as her husband. This is her way of keeping the property which, by the terms of her first husband's will, she would lose by marrying again.

—Elias Sherman, a farmer of Macedonia, N. J., found buried in his barn Sunday morning the body of a female child with a rope around its neck. Caroline Wilson, unmarried, who is supposed to be the mother of the child, was arrested on suspicion.

—There are now three Hebrews in Congress—Messrs. Jones, Morse, and Einstein. In the House there are six German Representatives, among whom are Heilman of Indiana, Poehler of Minnesota, Muller of New York, and Duester of Wisconsin.

—Attorney General Ward, of New York, has given an opinion that telegraph poles are taxable as real estate in the towns in which they are situated, "and are to be assessed in the name of and to the company owning the line and not in any wise as 'non-resident.'"

—Hon. Wm. H. English, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, is Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee, of Indiana, and General Arthur, the Republican candidate for the same position, is Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of New York.

—Col. Ben Brownfield, 100 years old last March and a resident of Fayette county, cast his first vote for Thomas Jefferson and has since deposited his ballot for every democratic candidate for President, and on the second Tuesday of November proposes, if his life is spared, to vote for Hancock.

—In Philadelphia on Saturday Miranda Grey (colored), aged twelve years, struck a small child, the brother of Emanuel Rowland, aged thirteen. Rowland, taking the child's part, ran after the girl, but Miranda fell near her own house and when picked up was dead. It is believed that she died from heart disease.

—Patrick Carroll, a miner, who was ejected from the meeting of the Miners' Union on Tuesday night, at Bodie, Nev., attempted to re-enter the hall, and fired at those who opposed him, when he was shot dead. He was a native of Lynchburg, Va., and is said to have been a great-grandson of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

—The State convention of the Democratic wing of the Workingmen's party of California, on Friday night deposed Kearney as president of the party, declared the offices of vice president, secretery and treasurer vacant; elected a State Central Committee, and indorsed Hancock and English and the Democratic Presidential electors.

—Mr. Russell Hancock, the son of the General, is said to have made a poetically romantic marriage. The young lady was the daughter of an ex-rebel in Louisville, who refused to let her marry the son of a Northern soldier. The young people met at an evening party by agreement, slipped across the river into Indiana, and were married at midnight.

—A large barn on the Lancaster County Farm was burned Sunday afternoon. A number of adjoining buildings were badly damaged, and at one time it was feared that the building used by the insane would also be burned. Loss fully $75,000. Insurance $6,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary, as it broke out in three places at the same time.

—Mrs. James Beard, of Rock Island, Ill., got a divorce from her husband, not because she hated him particularly for his shiftlessness, but she was tired of being the wife of a man whom she could not respect. Soon afterward he went to her to find out whether she would take any legal proceedings against him if he married again. She not only gave her consent, but went to the wedding, and gave the couple a present of $50.

—Jacob Kuntz, who resided at Homestead Station, on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, went to the house of his son, at Union Hill, where his wife resided, on Wednesday morning, and forbade her going to a picnic. Upon her refusing Jacob shot her. He then went into the barn and killed himself. Kuntz several times attempted his wife's life, also that of his son, who protected her. Kuntz and his wife were both over sixty years of age.

—A special despatch from Seymour, O., to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says that there is intense excitement in Seymour over a ghost. Wednesday night it entered the "haunted house," walked up stairs and disappeared. It was white, and appeared to be the ghost of a man. Thursday night the spook appeared headless and horrifying. It passed upstairs and into a bedroom. The lady of the house locked it in a room. It tried to open the door, but could not get out. Friday morning it had vanished.

—The body of an unknown man has been found in the extreme northern portion of Chicago near the artesian well. He was lying, with his face in the mud, with a cut on the back of his head and his throat cut from ear to ear. The body was stark naked, but clothes of a laboring man were found near. The man had been murdered and taken to that spot, his clothes removed and others placed in the vicinity to conceal identity. His well shaped hand and cleanly appearance of his person indicated that he was a professional gentleman.

—A yacht containing a party of fourteen persons capsized on White Bear Lake, twelve miles from St. Paul, Minn., on Monday afternoon. They were struck by a sudden squall, and having no competent sailor on board the yacht went over. Eight of the passengers were men, of whom seven were unmarried. The rest were women and children. The seven single men swam ashore without making any effort to save the lives of the women and children, who were all drowned, with one married man, who stayed and made an effort to save his family. Other boats went to the rescue, but were not able to recover all of the bodies.

—About nine o'clock Saturday night the ferry boat Argonauta, running from Ridgeway park, an island in the Delaware river, to Philadelphia, ran down a row boat, cutting her in two and drowning at least three of the occupants. The boat contained John Orr, a mechanic; Kate Mahoy, his sister-in-law; Robert Ritchie, a boy representing the owner of the boat, and Orr's four children. It was dark and the row boat carried no light. Ritchie and Orr and the latter's son James were rescued. The others were not seen after the boat capsized. The names of the victims are Mrs. Mahoy, aged 22; Robert Orr, aged 15; Lizzie Orr, aged 9, and Katie Orr, aged 6. Robert's body was found next day floating near the scene of the accident. No blame is attached to the captain.

—A horrible accident occurred near Dunkirk, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon. The boiler of a steam thresher exploded, killing five persons and seriously wounding four. The scene beggared description. The dead and injured were scattered about the place, and the air was filled with the groans of the wounded and their frantic friends. Richard Case was instantly killed. His head was blown a distance of one hundred yards from where the body lay, and the heart was literally torn out and found at some distance from the trunk. George Piple and Amasa Harden were instantly killed. William Frederick died an hour after the accident. Buddy Thrush cannot recover. Jesse Frederick will lose a leg. John McVelly and A. M. Bowen were slightly injured. The cause of the explosion is unknown. The boiler had never been used before.

—A singular accident occurred on Thursday evening in the Corning Mine, on the Sandy Creek Valley Road, Ohio. While at work in the mine one of the men struck a vein of water heavily charged with gas, which drove a stream with great force into their faces. Two men who received the charge of impregnated water directly in their faces were taken out of the mine totally blind, their eyes being destroyed. Some six or eight other miners had their eyes more or less injured, and it is feared that some of them will lose their sight. The names of the unfortunate men could not be obtained. Mine Inspector Roy visited the scene of the disaster and says that there is nothing in the history of mining parallel or similar to this case. He has brought some of the water (which still continues to flow) to the State University for analysis. The medical fraternity are considerably interested in the affair.

—A novel suicide took place recently at Goldsboro, N. C., the victim of which was a monkey owned by Mr. Rockwell Syrock. The animal was quite a favorite with all the children for miles around and knew most of them. For several years past Jocko's owner has been in the habit of visiting all of the hangings in that portion of the State, taking the mischievous animal with him, who always seemed to take an especial interest in the horrible details of such proceedings. On the 25th of June Alex. Howard, a negro, was to have been executed for the murder of an old man, but the Governor respited him. The gibbet was erected and all of the preliminary arrangement made for carrying out the negro's sentence, when the Executive interfered and postponed it. Syrock visited the jail with the monkey and examined these preparations. The animal seemed to be unusually curious and watched the scaffold and traps with wistful eyes. Since that time he has been playing hanging in his master's barn, and finally was found dead, suspended by a clothes line to one of the rafters of the building.

The Democratic Platform.

The following is the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati:

The Democrats of the United States in Convention assembled declare:

1. We pledge ourselves anew to the Constitutional doctrines and traditions of the Democratic party, as illustrated by the teaching and example of a long line of Democratic statesmen and patriots and embodied in the platform of the last National Convention of the party.

2. Opposition to centralization and to that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create—whatever be the form of government—a real despotism. No sumptuary laws; separation of Church and State for the good of each; common schools fostered and protected.

3. Home rule; honest money, consisting of gold and silver and paper convertible into coin on demand; the strict maintenance of the public faith, State and National, and a tariff for revenue only.

4. The subordination of the military to the civil power and a general and thorough reform of the civil service.

5. The right to a free ballot is the right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States.

6. The existing Administration is the representative of conspiracy only, and its claim of right to surround the ballot-boxes with troops and Deputy Marshals to intimidate and instruct the electors, and the unprecedented use of the veto to maintain its corrupt and despotic power, insults the people and imperils their institutions.

7 The great fraud of 1876-77—by which, upon a false count of the electoral votes of two States, the candidate defeated at the polls was declared to be President, and for the first time in American history the will of the people was set aside under a threat of military violence—struck a deadly blow at our system of representative Government. The Democratic party, to preserve the country from the horrors of a civil war, submitted for the time, in firm and patriotic faith that the people would punish this crime in 1880. This issue precedes and dwarfs every other. It imposes a more sacred duty upon the people of the Union than ever addressed the conscience of a nation of freemen.

8. We execrate the course of this administration in making places in the civil service a reward for political crime, and demand a reform by statute which shall make it forever impossible for the defeated candidate to bribe his way to the seat of a usurper by billeting villians upon the people.

9. The resolution of Samuel J. Tilden not again to be a candidate for the exalted place to which he was elected by a majority of his countrymen, and from which he was excluded by the leaders of the Republican party, is received by the Democrats of the United States with sensibility, and they declare their confidence in his wisdom, patriotism and integrity, unshaken by the assaults of a common enemy, and they further assure him that he is followed into the retirement he has chosen for himself by the symathy and respect of his fellow-citizens, who regard him as one who, by elevating the standards of public morality and adorning and purifying the public service, merits the lasting gratitude of his country and his party.

10. Free ships and a living chance for American commerce on the seas and on the land. No discrimination in favor of transportation lines, corporations or monopolies.

11. The amendment of the Burlingame treaty. No more Chinese immigration, except for travel, education and foreign commerce, and therein carefully guarded.

12. Public money and public credit for public purposes solely, and public land for actual settlers.

13. The Democratic party is the friend of labor and the laboring man, and pledges itself to protect him alike against the cormorants and the commune.

14. We congratulate the country upon the honesty and thrift of a Democratic Congress, which has reduced the public expenditure $40,000,000 a year; upon the continuation of prosperity at home and the National honor abroad, and, above all, upon the promise of such a change in the administration of the Government as shall insure us genuine and lasting reform in every department of the public service.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.—The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—*Graphic.*

The Democratic Candidates.

The following brief sketches of the Democratic nominees for President and Vice President are furnished by the Philadelphia *Ledger*, of a recent date:

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, the candidate of the Democratic party for President of the United States, was born in Montgomery county, Pa., February 14, 1824, which makes him at present 56 years old. He is the son of Benjamin Franklin Hancock and Elizabeth Hancock, who removed to Norristown in 1828. His father was a soldier of the war of 1812, and afterwards became a prominent lawyer in Norristown. As a boy Winfield attended the academy in that borough for a few years, and on the July 1, 1840, at the age of 16 years, entered the "Class of 44," at the West Point Military Academy, from whence he graduated June 30, 1844, standing No. 18 in his class. On July 1, 1844, he was breveted Second Lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry, and served on frontier duty at Fort Towson and Fort Washita, Indian Territory, from 1845 to 1847. On June 18, 1846, he was promoted to Second Lieutenant.

In the war with Mexico he was conspicuous for his bravery and gallantry, being engaged in the defense of the convoy at the National Bridge, August 12, 1847; the capture of San Antonio, August 20, 1847; Churubusco, on the same day; Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, 1847; and the assault and capture of the City of Mexico on the 13th of September, 1847. For his gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Churubusco he was breveted First Lieutenant, August 20, 1847. He was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant January 27, 1853, and served as Assistant Adjutant General of the Department of the West, with headquarters at St. Louis, Mo., from June to November, 1855, and on November 7, 1855, he was promoted Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, and was on duty at Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchee River, Florida, in 1856-7, during the hostilities against the Seminole Indians, and thence was ordered to Kansas. In the spring of 1858, he marched with the Utah expedition as Quartermaster on General Harney's staff from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Fort Bridger, Utah Territory. Later, during the summer and fall, he marched with the Sixth Infantry from Fort Bridger to California.

When the war against the rebellion broke out he was on duty in California; but as soon as he could get leave he came home to the Atlantic seaboard seeking the most active service. It was seen at a very early day that the young fellow who had shown the soldierly qualities he did at Churubusco, Contreras, Molino del Rey and the City of Mexico was the man for important command, and he was commissioned brigadier. From that time on his career as soldier and general is one of the brightest and most important pages of the Army of the Potomac.

Beginning with his brilliant charge at Williamsburg, and following with his four battles in four days on the Peninsula, continuing with South Mountain, Antietam and Mary's Heights in front of Fredericksburg, in 1862, Chancellorsville, May, 1863, to Gettysburg, where he was Meade's right arm, after Reynolds fell, and where he went down himself with what threatened to be a mortal wound. And then up again in December through the fearful fights under Grant and Meade in the wilderness, at Spottsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor, in all of which his corps did the heavy fighting—in all these and many fights not mentioned until his final march up the river—General Hancock well won the title of a "superb" soldier and general. His command was always trusted for severe and critical work, and he himself was always in the front of battle as an example and a stimulus to his troops.

With this mere skeleton reference to his services to the country in his capacity as soldier, we close our observations on his military career; for it is most difficult when writing of Hancock as general to abstain from the highest panegyric. If he had been one of Napoleon's generals, he would have been a marshal, ranking with Soult, MacDonald and Ney.

But it is not alone as a soldier that General Hancock has a history. After the war, and when that difficult problem of the care and restoration of the Southern States, which had been left without governments, had to be grappled with, he justly earned great distinction as an administrator of the laws over the large district of country covered by the States of Louisiana and Texas. What was to be done with these States, that had lost their condition, their privilege and right as self-governing communities, had exercised the minds of statesmen like Thaddeus Stevens, Seward and Lincoln. But they had to be brought within the pale of the government, and to General Hancock was allotted the States above mentioned, as the Carolinas had been allotted to General Meade. It was in this capacity that he won his reputation as a soldier administering civil law, and gained at once acknowledgments of the government and lasting gratitude and admiration of the people whose present and future he had in charge.

HON. WM. H. ENGLISH.

The candidate for Vice President, Hon. Wm. H. English, of Indiana, retired from political life twenty years ago, but for twenty years prior thereto was a prominent man in National and State politics, and earned an enviable reputation for probity and ability. He was born in Scott county, Indiana, August 27, 1822, and after passing through the then poor schools of his native place, spent three years at the University of South Hanover.—He was admitted to practice at the bar in 1846, but long before that time had entered public life.

Before he was of age he was elected a delegate to the Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, which nominated General Howard for Governor and supported the latter by making speeches during the campaign. When twenty years of age he was appointed Postmaster at Lexington, and a year later was chosen Clerk of the State House of Representatives. For services during the Polk-Clay campaign of 1844 Mr. English received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. In 1850 he was elected secretary of the Convention called to amend the constitution of Indiana, and won such a reputation in that position that in the following year he was elected a member of the State Legislature from a district having an opposition majority. He was not quite thirty years of age when the Legislature assembled, and although he had never before served as a member in a legislative body, he was elected Speaker of the House.

At the close of a long session he was nominated for Congress and was elected by a small majority. He served altogether four terms, his majority increasing with every election, although strong efforts were made to beat him on account of his course on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in which he opposed the extremists of his party. While in Congress, he served as chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads, and as a member of the House Committee on Territories. He presented a minority report on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and although the substitute he offered was not adopted, its principle was finally agreed to.—Mr. English proposed to allow the people of the territory to determine for themselves about the institution of slavery there, and throughout the debates on that subject and all subsequent legislation he was a consistent advocate of "the right of the people to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way under the Constitution." Mr. English was earnest in his opposition to the admission of Kansas as a State under the Lecompton Constitution until the latter had been ratified by the people, and he succeeded in breaking a dead lock between the Senate and House on this subject, and in having the Lecompton Constitution referred back to the people, by whom it was defeated.

At the close of the thirty-sixth Congress Mr. English retired from political life, although he was then only 39 years old, and he has never since held a public office or been a candidate therefor.—He attended a convention that nominated Michael C. Kerr for Congress in 1864, and introduced a resolution affirming the loyalty of the Democratic party to the Union.

In 1863, in connection with other capitalists, Mr. English established the First National Bank of Indianapolis, of which he was President for fourteen years. He retired from business with an ample fortune in 1877 as suddenly as he had abandoned political life. He was entirely successful as a banker, and is credited with sound financial views. Mr. English has always been more or less engaged in agricultural pursuits, and spends what may be called his leisure time in farming. He is not spoken of as a brilliant orator, but his published speeches show him to be a man of strong common sense, able to give clear and vigorous expression to his thoughts.

A CATHOLIC VIEW OF IT.—Here is what the Boston *Pilot* of the 3d inst. has to say of the case of Mrs. Surratt:

There is one point in the career of General Hancock on which it may seem proper that the *Pilot* should say a special word, albeit it is to refute as false and silly a charge as ever emanated from the brain of the wildest scribbler in all Bohemia. It is the assertion that General Hancock has lost favor among the Catholic part of our population by his connection with the execution of Mrs. Surratt, and this sapient opinion is based upon the fact that Mrs. Surratt was a member of the Catholic Church.

In the first place, it is proper to say that General Hancock's connection with the affair was solely that of an officer obeying his orders. Had we, or any other Catholic in the world, been in General Hancock's place, our duty would have been to do as he did, whether the condemned woman were Catholic or Protestant, heathen or infidel. A Catholic knows no distinction of creed in the performance of his duty; he quarrels with no man for the execution of his duty; he has no more sympathy for a man or woman put to death justly or unjustly because the victim is a Catholic than if he or she were of any other religion or no religion.

Herein the *Pilot*, though no organ, believes it voices the opinion of common sense and true religion. Catholics, of course, laugh at the foolish idea that they should bear ill will on religious grounds to any one connected, however closely, with the execution of a Catholic woman; but there are a great many fools in this world, and a very common specimen is the man who supposes other people to be influenced by ideas and ties which would have no weight at all with himself in a similar case. While we have very little respect for any man who carries his religion into his politics, we should have nothing but contempt for the one who carried both into the sacred halls of justice and law.

Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.

For the cure of skin diseases of all descriptions it is without a rival. Having long been in the market and thoroughly tested by the medical profession and the public, it is needless to enter into details about its virtues. Price, 25 cents a cake, or three cakes for 60 cents. For sale by druggists and country storekeepers. ASCHENBACH & MILLER, Proprietors, Third and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

Dr. JONES' TARAXCANUM TONIC

OF DYSPEPSIA MEDICINE, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

Persian INSECT POWDER
(Aschenbach & Miller's.)

Roaches, ants, bugs, moths, garden worms, etc., fall victims to its deadly effects immediately upon coming in contact with it. It is truly the genuine Persian, the flowers being imported direct, then ground and prepared at our laboratory under our own supervision, so that we can guarantee its absolute freedom from adulteration. Druggists and country storekeepers sell it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. Corner 3d and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia. July 9, 1880.-1y.

HOW TO GET almost Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want for dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM,
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

DR. R. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and has never failed to act efficiently."

NELSON FAIRCHILD, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. HOGABON, of Berkshire, says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Proprietors,
Burlington, Vt.

3

The Farquhar Separator
(Warranted)
Penna. Agricultural Works, York, Pa.
Lightest draft, most durable, simplest, most economical and perfect in use. Wastes no grain, cleans it ready for market.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
Address A. B. Farquhar, York, Pa.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office on 11th Street, between [illegible] Avenues.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - JULY 9, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—"I am Gen. Winfield S. Hand's e-rooster; whose e-rooster are you?"

—The banks here were closed on Monday, it being a national holiday.

—New gutters are being opened in various parts of town. They were badly needed.

—The summer hotels in this place are rapidly filling up, while quite a number of guests have obtained lodging with private families.

—A crying baby is a bore to the whole neighborhood and the parents should be forced to keep Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup handy. Price 25 cents.

—Two Justices of the Peace elected last February have thus far failed to elevate their commissions—that is, they haven't got them yet.

—The deadening preparations of Opium for the Baby are rapidly disappearing before the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Sold by all Druggists.

—Persons suffering with dyspepsia, general debility, nervousness, etc., will find a sure cure in Dr. Jones' Taraxacum Tonic. Druggists keep it.

—Try Aschenbach & Miller's Genuine Persian Insect Powder, the lightening exterminator of roaches, bugs, moths, ants, garden worms, etc.

—It is noticeable that the 3d, 4th and 5th instants passed over without the occurrence of a single accident in this neighborhood so far as we have learned.

—All skin diseases readily yield to the magnetic influence of Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. Its reputation is word-wide. Physicians recommend and use it.

—The summer excursion train from Pittsburgh to Ebensburg made its first trip on Saturday last. It will arrive here each Saturday evening at 6.30 o'clock during the season.

—The news reached here this (Thursday) morning that a terrible fire was raging in Tyrone and that assistance had been summoned from Altoona and elsewhere. No particulars furnished.

—Owing to heavy rains the work of excavating for the foundation of the new Court House has not been progressing as rapidly during the past ten days as could be desired by the contractor.

—The attention of farmers and others interested in cattle and horses is directed to the advertisement of Breinig, Fronefield & Co's Cattle Powder, the oldest and most reliable in the market.

—We inadvertently stated in our last issue that Allegheny township has a population, according to the last census, of 3,420. This is an error to the extent of 1,990, the actual population being 1,430.

—Rev. T. B. Jones, who is one of our most indefatigable and successful fishermen, lately succeeded in capturing a black bass in [illegible] dam which measured slightly over fifteen inches in length.

—A Kernville (Johnstown) youth named [illegible] was shot in the groin and very seriously injured, on Tuesday evening last, by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a little companion named Wingard.

—Our genial friend and former townsman, Mr. R. H. Thompson, chief clerk in the Park House at Williamsport, paid us a few days' visit recently. It is perhaps needless to say that all were glad to see him.

—No more sick chickens. Save your poultry and cure them of disease by using Roberts' Poultry Powder. It has never failed to cure Cholera, and all diseases to which they are subject. Price 25 cents per package. [6-25.-1m.]

—Mothers, before giving your little babe cough or croup medicines, remember that Sines' Syrup of Tar, Horehound and Wild Cherry is the only cough preparation that contains no opium, morphine, nor any other narcotic.

—It is stated as a fact which will interest sportsmen that the woods in the northern section of this county are literally alive with squirrels, but the season when they may be lawfully shot will not begin till the first of September.

—D. Byron Gibbons, the man who supplies leading merchants with fresh groceries, was here the other day, and it's fair to surmise that he was chock full of business clear up to his eyes—and at that same no one need [illegible] expand with surprise.

—Our young friend Fergus Lloyd has gone to Cresson to temporarily fill the position of Mr. Frank Powers, one of Agent [illegible]'s assistants, who is at present on the sick list. A better "sub" could not be selected by the Powers that be.

—Messrs. Wilkinson & Everly, marble manufacturers, have received a large stock of new material this week, and as soon as they complete one of the boss jobs they have now on the way we shall have something more to say of them and the excellent work they turn out.

—The failure of the *Herald* to appear this week and the fact that the Sheriff must advertise his rules three times within a specified period has brought a little grist to our mill this week, for which we feel duly thankful. See advertisement of Sheriff's sales in another column.

—Wm. Henry Harrison Davis receives and despatches the mails as Assistant Postmaster of Ebensburg, and Wm. Henry Harrison McCormick receives and despatches telegrams as operator at the telegraph office in this place. And yet we are assured there is nothing in a name.

—Messrs. C. T. Roberts and Ed. James, who were appointed at the railroad meeting on Monday evening last to collect money to pay for the preliminary survey of the route from here to Carrolltown, have succeeded in raising about three hundred dollars, and the end, we believe, is not yet.

—All persons interested will be rejoiced to learn that we have the assurance of Chief Clerk Maitland that the same courtesies as heretofore will be extended by the P. R. R. Co. to the typographical fraternity of the Juniata valley and their lady friends on the occasion of their coming picnic.

—Aside from the fact that it is always an uphill business to get the journalistic machine in operation again after a week's vacation, local items of interest are exceedingly scarce, and as a consequence the Freeman this week is not what we could wish and always endeavor to make it.

—Hon. Israel Painter, who was one of the Canal Commissioners of the State about thirty years ago, and whose illness from an accident which befell him several days ago is noted in another item, died at his residence near West Newton, Westmoreland county, on Sunday last, in the 70th year of her age.

—On Saturday evening of week before last, Capt. Sam. W. Davis was unanimously re-elected to the position he so acceptably filled for the past five years as commander of Co. A, 5th Regiment, N. G. P. The semi-annual inspection of Co. A, held at the same time by Capt. Morrell, of Co. H., Johnstown and Wilmore, was highly creditable to our local organization.

—Dr. D. W. Evans, whose wedding is noticed under the proper heading, is one of the most staid, steadfast and substantial citizens of our borough, and we are sure that all who know him will join with us in congratulating him on the success of his *hunt* matrimonial, and in expressing the hope that peace, plenty and prosperity may ever abide with him and his.

—A meeting of the Hancock and English Club of Ebensburg will be held at the Court House this (Friday) evening at 7½ o'clock, at which time and place all who wish to connect themselves with the organization will receive a hearty welcome. A big boom's on the boom everywhere in the land, and we of the mountain will do well to be on hand.

—Ex-Alderman Poffenberger, of Altoona, was arrested on Saturday morning last on the charge of embezzling about $750 while acting as assignee of Mr. Samuel P. Kipple. The accused waived a hearing and was sent to jail in default of $1,000 bail, but a writ of habeas corpus was subsequently taken out and he was released on his own recognizance until Monday next.

—Absence from home prevented us from attending either of the recent school commencements at Loretto, but we were certainly not without hope—indeed had reason to expect so far at least as St. Francis' College was concerned—that a full account of the proceedings would be furnished us for publication. But, alas! for human expectations, the end came without any "commencement."

—Mr. John Bumford, a well-known resident of this place, died rather unexpectedly at his home in the West ward at an early hour Sunday morning, aged about 75 years. Deceased had been employed for a short time at the excavation now being made for the new Court House, but owing to his advanced age and inability to do his work satisfactorily, he was discharged a few days before his death.

—The festival in aid of the Church of the Holy Name in this place, which was held at the Court House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of week before last, was a very gratifying success, the amount realized from that source and from chances on the handsome set of chamber furniture, which was won by Miss Mary Donovan, of this place, amounting in all to about six hundred dollars.

—Register and Recorder John G. Lake, wife and three children went hence ten or twelve days ago on a three weeks' tour of relaxation. It was their intention to stop at Chicago a season, and then proceed to Clinton, Iowa, where Mr. Lake has relatives living. We wish them an enjoyable trip and a safe return. Deputy Charley Lattemer has charge of the Register and Recorder's office during his absence.

—Of all the modern inventions the Patent Incubator takes the lead, but experience teaches all that whether poultry is hatched by the patent process with artificial heat, or by the old original way patented by nature, they are subject to cholera, gapes, etc., and experience likewise teaches those who have tried Roberts' Poultry Powder, in such cases, that it is a sure cure every time. Go to Barkers' for it [6-25.-1m.]

—Messrs. Corn & Co., of Johnstown, have something to say in our advertising columns this week which cannot fail to interest all who wish to know where they can get the best bargains in certain classes of goods. The same firm, be it known, are proprietors of one of the best stocked and best patronized stores in Altoona, where they have won well-deserved renown for keeping good goods and selling at honest prices.

—Sister Mary Joseph, whose serious illness from consumption was noted in these columns a few weeks ago, died at the convent of the Sisters of Charity, Altoona, on Wednesday morning last. The deceased was a sister of Hon. James J. Thomas, of Carroll township, and of Mr. M. P. Thomas, of Munster township, her name in the world being Miss Ella Thomas and her home in the latter township. May she rest in peace.

—Mr. Robert B. Gageby, one of the oldest, best known and most reputable citizens of Johnstown, where he located a half century ago, died in that place, on Wednesday morning last, in the 73d year of his age. Deceased was the father of Capt. Jas. H. Gageby, of the regular army, and Mr. Geo. W. Gageby, of Johnstown, both of whom are esteemed friends of the Freeman and its editor. Honor to his memory and peace to his ashes.

—We learn from County Superintendent Berg that the State Treasurer has authorized the Department of Public Instruction to say that the warrants issued to the school districts for the appropriation of 1879, numbered from 1,001 to 1,500, inclusive, will be paid as presented during the month of July, and that the balance of these warrants remaining unpaid at the end of that month will *probably* be paid during the following month—August.

—The Blair county Democracy met in convention at Hollidaysburg on Monday of last week and nominated a full county ticket, of which mention is made elsewhere. They also endorsed Congressman Coffroth and declared for W. Fisk Conrad, Esq., Tyrone, for State Senator, with the privilege of selecting his own conferees. And yet it is well understood that the Banner boom is not to be impeded in its progress, and Mr. Conrad is said to have so expressed himself.

—The Executive Committee of the Printers' Association of the Juniata Valley will meet in this place to-morrow, but our people needn't go to the trouble of getting up an ovation for them, as they won't be here very long, and anyhow have some business to attend to which an ovation might to some extent interfere with. Still, if the Carrolltown band wants to come, as it thought of doing, why just let it come, though it will have to bid low if it wants to furnish the music for the printers' picnic.

—Col. Israel Painter, of West Newton, Westmoreland county, a venerable gentleman who will be remembered by many of our older readers as having served one term as Canal Commissioner many years ago, fell the other day while holding a bottle of medicine in his hand, thereby severing an artery and poisoning his blood with the medicine. The Colonel, who is an old time Democrat, is severely ill from the effects of the accident, but it is to be hoped that nothing serious will result.

—There is a young lady living in this place, aged 17 years and possessed of all her faculties, who has never attended a circus, picnic or other scene of festivity. More than that she has not only never rode in a railway car, but has actually never seen one, although she resides within six squares of the railroad depot. Whatever may be said of the sex generally, it is evident that the bump of curiosity don't occupy a very conspicuous place on the head of the young lady, whose name is far from being Miss Ann Thrope.

—Among a few dozen of eggs bought for home consumption in the editor's family during our absence last week was one which, when broken open, was found to contain still another egg, which of course was much smaller in size, but was nevertheless perfect in all other respects, the shell being as firm and solid as the one which encased it. How the small egg got into the larger one is a question which we leave to some one more hen-lightened—and of course the hen was lightened when she got rid of her burden—than we profess to be on such eggs-traordinary subjects.

—European carp to the number of nine were received here last Friday night, and the following morning were planted in a contiguous pond. The bringing to this country of these carp is a United States Government speculation, and it was a rare piece of good management, attributable mainly to the exertions of Hon. R. J. Lloyd through Congressman Coffroth, that secured a quota, small though it be, for these waters. They are said to be game, hardy and capable of adapting themselves to any and all kinds of waters, and wonderfully rapid in their propagation. Care should be taken that they be not disturbed for at least two years.

—Is there not an ordinance on the books forbidding the exploding of fire-crackers within the borough limits? We ask this question for the reason that on Friday and Saturday evenings last a perfect fusillade of these explosives was kept up till midnight, in one instance a cannon cracker entering the meat market of Mr. Joseph Gutwald, on High street, and nearly setting the establishment on fire. A good and probably the very best place for target practice with these crackers would be a mile out of town.

—An adjourned meeting of those favorable to the construction of a railroad from Ebensburg to Cherrytree was held in the Court House on Monday evening last. The same officers who presided at the preceding meeting occupied seats on the bench and Prof. Hartman Berg was chosen Secretary, in the absence of Secretary Lake. The committee appointed to collect funds to defray the expenses of an experimental survey of the route made verbal report, asking to be continued. A number of letters from civil engineers soliciting the contract of locating the line were reported received. The meeting was well attended and quite enthusiastic in the expression of the opinion that the proposed line should be speedily built. Adjourned to meet on next Monday evening.

—Mr. John Shenk, the gentleman who has undertaken to build our new Court House, has contracted with Mr. Griffith Griffith, of Cambria township, for the furnishing of about twelve hundred perches of stone for the foundation walls of said structure, and for which he is to pay fifteen cents per perch and also pay for the hauling of the same. The erection of the foundation walls has been sublet to Mr. Frank Reinhardt, of Tyrone, who will commence the work without delay. Mr. Shenk has also leased from Dr. Lemmon five acres of ground in the southwestern part of the borough for the purposes of a brickyard, and is to pay twenty cents per thousand for the clay to be used in the manufacture of about one million of bricks. And so the good work goes bravely on.

—Mr. Philip P. Miller and Miss Hettie Smith were married at Cherrytree, on Sunday last, by Rev. Diament, and from thence went to Chest Springs on a bridal tour, accompanied by twenty-two of their masculine and feminine friends, and taking with them a fine parlor organ and two violins, which with several fine voices not only made music by the way, but kept it up for most of the time during their two days' sojourn at Chest Springs. Mr. Miller is the gentleman who ingratiated himself into the good graces of a certain gang of thieves who were better known than appreciated and about the classic precincts of Bugtown, in Susquehanna township, and finally brought them to justice in 1877-8, while the bride, who is a daughter of Mr. Robert Smith, of Patchinville, Clearfield county, is said to be a very estimable young lady. May the music and mirth which welcomed their bridal tour be the harbingers of a long and happy life to each of them.

—Two men named Henry Nagle and James McMullen had a desperate set-to at Chest Springs on last Monday afternoon, which resulted in the complete demoralization of the party of the first part, whose face was battered out of all shape, and whose ribs no doubt ached with the severe contusions they received. McMullen, on the other hand, is said to have suffered very slightly, a scratch about the eye being the only mark visible. The victor in this instance, if reports be true, was whipped by Nagle, who has the reputation of being somewhat a pugilist, about seven years ago, and since then has been waiting for an opportunity to get even with his adversary, which he did on Monday last with a vengeance. A bloody encounter is also said to have taken place at Carrolltown, on Tuesday last between a man named James Gray and another party whose name we did not learn, but who got the worst of it is a question we are not prepared to answer.

—On the last Friday in June two Polish laborers employed on the extension of the Bell's Gap Railroad, in White township, got into a dispute concerning the ownership of a certain implement of labor. It ended in a rencontre, in the course of which one of the parties struck the pick, the implement in dispute, into the left shoulder of the other, inflicting a wound which at first it was feared would prove fatal, but which, at last accounts, was healing up nicely. The man who handled the pick in this unauthorized and unlawful manner was promptly arrested and lodged in the county jail in this place. He can speak no English, and until the arrival on the scene of a traveling pack peddler who was able to explain to him in his native language the situation of affairs, was in mortal dread of the gallows. Since then he has seemed to be in better heart, though periodically he indulges in an outburst of tears at the recollection of a wife and several children left by him in destitute circumstances at Lloydsville.

—The firemen's parade in Altoona on Monday last was a big thing, and attracted more people to witness it than probably ever before assembled in that city on any occasion. The weather was exceedingly unpropitious, Old Probs evidently forgetting the difference between firemen and waterman, and of course the display was to a great extent marred by the heavy rains and the resultant mud in the streets, which rendered some of them almost impassable. In addition to the four Altoona companies which took part in the parade, there were three companies from Hollidaysburg, two from Harrisburg, and one each from Huntingdon and Lewistown, to say nothing of the Kamschalka fire company, an impromptu fantastic organization which brought up the rear and created a good deal of merriment.—There were also eight silver cornet bands and two drum corps in the line of procession, and the best of music and plenty of it filled the air with its melody. The firemen were all neatly uniformed and presented a very handsome appearance with their several hose carriages gaily festooned and one or two steam engines elegantly decorated. It is estimated that over eight hundred persons participated in the parade, which needed only a clear sky and clean streets to make it a still more memorable event in the history of the Mountain City.

* * *

THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY IN EBENSBURG.—By common consent our national holiday was celebrated here, though in a somewhat informal manner, on Saturday last, instead of the following Monday, which by law is the declared legal holiday, when banking and similar lines of business must be temporarily abandoned. It was a happy chance, too, that our choice fell on the first-mentioned day, for it was cool and pleasant throughout; whereas rain fell almost incessantly all of Monday, thereby spoiling many brilliant calculations for celebrations in other localities. Three several Sunday-school picnics came off here. The Presbyterians rendezvoused in a beautiful grove near Shinkle's dam; the Congregational school in Hughes' grove, one mile north of town, while the Disciples cast their lines in a grove immediately westward. A full complement of scholars and teachers was present at each of the gatherings, and one and all profess to have enjoyed themselves to the top of the bent. The original intention was to have had a firemen's picnic on the same day, but this was abandoned for reasons satisfactory to those concerned. In the afternoon an entertaining game of base ball was played on the usual grounds by a home picked nine and a nine from Loretto. After a hard-fought and scientific tussel, victory perched on the banners of the home nine. We subjoin the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Ebensburg	3	0	1	0	3	2	0	1	1	—11
Loretto	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	—5

* * *

KILLED ON THE RAILROADS.—From the report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs for the past year it is learned that only two passengers were killed in that period, and what makes it remarkable is that in both cases the passengers were killed through their own carelessness. Four hundred and forty-seven employes were hurt and fifty-one were killed. Of persons other than employes or passengers, such as tramps, persons walking on the tracks or getting on or off trains while in motion, seventy five were killed and one hundred and thirty-five injured. The total number killed in the State on all the railroads during the year 1879 was five hundred and fifty three, and the number injured one thousand five hundred and eighty one.

A JOLLY JOURNALISTIC JAUNT.—For the eighth time since its organization the Pennsylvania Editorial Association, as an Association, has just been placed under renewed obligations to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and its able, efficient and obliging management, notable among whom is Mr. L. P. Farmer, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia, for the courtesy of a long, pleasant and enjoyable ride over said road and other lines controlled and operated by the same company.

This time the jaunt was to Watkins' Glen, Seneca Lake, Penn Yan, Kenka Lake, and Hammondsport, all of which may be found on the map of New York State, and the greater part of last week was occupied in making the excursion, in which about two hundred and sixty persons of both sexes and nearly all sizes indulged. From the various points of the compass came the editors and their wives, sweethearts, children, etc., the entire party concentrating at Williamsport, which city most of the number reached, by way of Harrisburg, on Monday evening. Others, however, being more dilatory in their movements, did not get to Williamsport until Tuesday morning, among the latter of whom ourself, wife and an Altoona friend who accompanied us are to be numbered. Nevertheless, we got there in good time, and had the gratification of meeting our young townsman, R. H. Thompson, whom we found as busy as a bee in receiving and directing the excursionists as to the way they should go to reach the dining room of the Parke House, one of the finest hotels in the United States, and certainly none the less deserving of its good name because our friend Bob belongs to its clerical force.

After indulging in a good breakfast, the assembled multitude was marshalled by Mr. R. S. Menamin, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, to whose efficiency, good judgment and untiring energy the pleasures of this as of all preceding excursions were eminently due. The multitude, as we have said, was marshalled by Mr. Menamin, under whose direction the excursionists were soon comfortably seated in a special train, kindly furnished by the P. R. R. Co., and steaming away in the direction of Watkins' Glen, which place was reached, after passing through the beautiful city of Elmira and other points of interest, between 1 and 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Here a portion of the party was quartered at the Glen Mountain House, which occupies an elevated position about one mile above the mouth of the glen, where it commands a gorge-ous view of the depths beneath, while the others were assigned to the Glen Park House, which is located near the foot of the glen, and is said by those who had the pleasure of enjoying its hospitality to be one of the best conducted, as it certainly is one of the largest and most beautifully embowered hotels to be found anywhere. As for ourself and party, we were consigned to the Glen Mountain House, where we received the best of treatment and enjoyed its wild and picturesque surroundings to our heart's content, albeit the effort to reach the house by a one-horse conveyance up an exceedingly steep acclivity was so far from being a success that when the vehicle began to progress backward, which it did before half the distance had been attained, the occupants of the carriage got out of conceit with the outlook and then got out on the dusty road and footed it the balance of the way.

A general washing and brushing up was followed by good dinners at both the hotels above named, after which nearly all the excursionists proceeded to view the glen and interview its wonderful gorges, beautiful waterfalls, massive masonry reared by nature's own hand, deep pools of crystal water, shaped and formed by the action of the elements, and many other strange and almost unaccountable formations with which the glen abounds. Of this gorge-ous freak of nature and its wild and picturesque attractions we shall attempt no special description, knowing full well that anything we could say would give but a faint idea of the glen and its grandeur, which to be appreciated must be visited and thoroughly explored.—Suffice it to say that the glen is several miles in length, and that scarcely a foot of the entire route is without some distinguishing and attractive feature of its own.

Following in the wake of a somewhat wearisome ramble through the glen came a sleep which, so far as we were concerned, hadn't the least bit of wake in it until bright and early next morning, when the entire party awakened to the fact that a delightful excursion to Penn Yan and a steamboat ride on Lake Kenka from thence to Hammondsport was to be the great event of a day which fortunately proved exceedingly propitious. The train bearing the excursionists to Penn Yan left Watkins at 8.40 A. M., Wednesday, and reached its destination about 11 o'clock, where the steamer Yates awaited our coming and soon had the entire party on board; after which it steamed out into Lake Kenka and headed for Hammondsport, 22 miles from Penn Yan. On the way up, however, and when within about five miles of Hammondsport, the steamer stopped at the wharf of the Urbana Wine Co., whose immense vaults and extensive manufactory was, by invitation of the courteous superintendent, Col. Switzer, visited by the entire party. Nor was that all, for the clever superintendent aforesaid "set it up" handsomely on the excursionists, and while the champagne, catawba and port wines, all of which were pronounced by competent judges to be first class in every respect, were being quaffed with a relish by those of the party who appreciate such spiritual comforts, even temperance people were no doubt prone to ask themselves, "Wine not indulge in a little for fashion's sake, if not for the stomach's ache?" And indulge they may have done, for aught we know to the contrary. Of that, however, we have no record, though we do know to a certainty that there was more wining than whining indulged in on that interesting occasion. When the party once more embarked on board the steamer, it was very desirably if not largely increased by the welcome presence of Col. Switzer and lady, who accompanied the excursionists to Hammondsport and from thence returned by the same boat to their place of embarkation.—At Hammondsport, which is at the head of Lake Kenka, a sumptuous repast, more deserving of the name of a feast than a lunch, so called, was served up at the Fairchild House to us hungry mortals at 75 cents per head—which wasn't a bad price for what really deserved to be called an excellent meal. After lunch and various interviews with a number of the leading citizens of the town, the burthen of whose song for the most part was set to Hancock music, the steamer once more cleft the deep, and at about 6 P. M. the excursionists stepped from the boat at Penn Yan, where they were met by a large crowd of people, as well as by an excellent silver cornet band, neatly uniformed and under the leadership of Mr. Geo. Hyatt. This band headed the procession as it marched from the boat landing to the railroad depot, which are fully half a mile apart, and continued to discourse sweet music at intervals until the train steamed away from the depot on its return trip to Watkins, which latter place was reached in time for a somewhat belated supper. The rest of the evening and a good portion of the night was made melodious by the choicest of music from a splendid silver cornet band—an organization of which the village of Watkins may well feel proud. Then came sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams, such as only easy consciences, peculiar to the craft, can fully insure.

On Thursday morning we in common with a goodly number of the excursionists paid a visit to Havana Glen, three miles from Watkins, which we reached by carriage, although the village of Havana, near the foot of the glen, is on the line of the Northern Central Rail Road, and is a hamlet of much more than ordinary pretensions as well as beauty. What we found to excite our wonder and admiration in Havana Glen it would not be possible in this brief and hastily-written sketch to fully describe, though it is but simple justice to say that while it is probably not much more than one-third the length of Watkins' Glen, it need not take a back seat in the matter of gorge-ous depths, perpendicular hights, beautiful waterfalls, romantic acclivities, secluded nooks, crystal pools, shimmering cascades, tortuous paths, rustic bridges, winding staircases, and all that sort of thing. In fact, to visit that wonderful region and not take a stroll through Havana Glen and feast your eyes on such magnificent works of nature as Eagle Cliff Falls, Council Chamber, Curtain Cascade, Bridal Veil, Whispering Falls, Echo Falls, Fairy Cascade, &c., is to miss a rare treat which no lover of nature can fail to appreciate, notwithstanding the climb-ate is exceedingly rugged. Among the many who visited Havana Glen on this memorable occasion was Rev. C. C. McLean, pastor of Belmont M. E. church, Philadelphia, and editor of the *Christian Worker*. He was accompanied by his young and amiable wife, to whom it came near proving a fatal journey, inasmuch as she made a misstep after having ascended to within a short distance of the top of what is known as "Jacob's Ladder," a long and almost perpendicular flight of wooden steps, and had it not been for the presence of mind of her husband, who was immediately behind her at the time, and who threw himself down in such a position as to stop her progress, she would in all probability have been dashed on the rocks beneath, and in that event nothing short of a miracle could have saved her from a horrible death. This thrilling incident, which with the exception of an accident which befell the excellent wife of our friend Speddy, of the Port Royal *Times*, who was struck on the back and quite painfully injured by a small box which fell from a pyramid of boxes at the Urbana Wine Company's establishment, was the only one, so far as we are aware, which occurred to cast even a momentary shadow across the pleasant pathway of the editorial excursionists. For the facts connected with Mrs. McLean's narrow escape from death we are indebted to the overjoyed couple, with whom we spent a very pleasant hour on the way back to Elmira, where they changed cars for Niagara Falls. From Havana Glen most of the excursionists returned in time to enjoy a very pleasant ride of a couple of hours' duration on Lake Seneca, for which delightful trip those who participated, and we were not of the number, are under special obligations to J. D. Payne, Esq., Superintendent of the Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company, who very kindly and considerately detailed one of the largest, handsomest and staunchest boats of the line for that duty.

At 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon the journalistic jaunters sat down with their lady and gentlemen friends, among whom were a number of invited guests, to a sumptuous banquet at the Glen Mountain House, and it is needless to say that of all the gorges in all the glens there was no gorge so overpoweringly gorge-ous as the universal gorge which was plainly visible on that occasion. After this really royal feast was ended the flow of soul began with a neat and becoming speech from the President of the Association, Clayton McMichael, Esq., of the Philad'a *North American*, who was followed in a very humorous and happy strain by Brother Kennedy, of the Pottsville *Chronicle*. Several other toasts were also dra—no, announced—and responded to in a manner equally felicitous by those to whom the tasks were assigned, but as we were anxious to turn our face homeward ere the shades of night had enveloped the earth, we didn't wait to hear it out. We are confident, however, that all the speakers acquitted themselves creditably, though we couldn't help agreeing with D. M. Zimmerman, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer of the Camden and Atlantic City Rail Road, who was one of the excursionists, and is, by the way, as pleasant a gentleman as we have ever met, and who remarked upon rejoining us at the railroad station, whither he hastened just in time to escape responding to the toast, "The Railroads of Our Country," for which he was down on the bills, that it was a mistake to assign to a resident of the place, Mr. Fred. Davis, Jr., the duty of responding to the toast, "Watkins," for as Mr. Z. quite innocently, though very pun-gently, observed, "Watkin(s) a man say laudatory of his own town?"

Leaving Watkins at 6 o'clock, P. M., by local express, we reached Elmira in time to take a somewhat extended stroll through that beautiful and progressive city of 20,000 inhabitants before the arrival at 9.30 of the regular through train, on board of which we scudded away to Harrisburg, where we arrived in time to take the Pacific Express west, which landed us in Altoona at 9.20 o'clock Friday morning. And thus, to all intents and purposes, ended our participation in the eighth annual excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association, which for unalloyed enjoyment and pleasant experiences must be numbered among the most delightful and certainly the most successful trips of the kind ever indulged in by the members of that organization—for all which Mr. Menamin is in a special manner deserving of the benedictions of all concerned. To others inside and outside of the Association due meed of praise should also be given, and hence on behalf of the latter we take pleasure in appending the following

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS,

Dr. Wm. H. Bradley, chairman, which was read and adopted at a meeting of the Association, held at the Glen Mountain House, Watkins' Glen, July 1st, 1880:

In every relation incident to this life, whether of a business or social character, seeking to accomplish our purposes as individuals or in associated bodies, we are constantly dependent upon the kindness, the disposition and the ability of those around us. By seeking enjoyment which begins and ends in ourselves, or thriving by the thrift that is within our control, we remain stupid and poor indeed. By borrowing of the pleasure and prosperity around us and lending of the abundance that has accumulated under the influence of such mutual genial hospitality, we make ourselves and the world a better and happier people. In sympathy with this opinion the newspaper people have always stood ready to contribute to the progress, the charity, the happiness of their fellow men; and in return, but not as a return, they have received the unstinted hospitality of those in other avenues of life. The Pennsylvania Editorial Association, on its Eighth Annual Excursion for pleasure, desires to acknowledge the many attractions that cannot be purchased, and the exhibitions of kindness that are included in no trade reports or current price lists.

First, and always so, are we indebted to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, not for the simple tender of transportation but the surrounding of our journey with all the attractions and accommodations which the first railroad in the world can contribute to tourists, and the more than official courtesy of its officers, L. P. Farmer, Esq., General Passenger Agent, F. J. McWade, Wm. A. Baldwin, Esq., Robert Neilson, J. K. Shoemaker, and Conductors H. J. Linn, David Fletcher and Kirk Jacobs. Also to the gentlemen of Williamsport, who were so assiduous in their attentions during our brief stay in that city.

Making Watkins our headquarters, we were very largely dependent upon Messrs. H. H. Van Meter & Co., proprietors of the Glen Mountain House, for the entertainment of our party. When we say there has not been a single wish that was not gratified, not a guest to complain among our three hundred strong, we by inference bear the strongest testimony to the success of their efforts. Mr. C. S. Frost, Esq., of the Glen Park Hotel, where a portion of our party were quartered, is also deserving of our thanks for attentions to those under his care. To the people of the town, who, although coming among them as strangers, have each accepted us as individual guests, we feel an inexpressible debt of gratitude.

In our local excursions for pleasure and information we have been placed under obligations to J. D. Payne, Esq., Superintendent of the Seneca Lake Navigation Co., and Captain Samuel Cass, of the Steamboat Schuyler, for a delightful trip on Seneca Lake; also to the good people of Penn Yan and Hyatt's Military Band, who tendered us an impromptu reception to their beautiful village, as acceptable as it was unexpected. The Watkins Cornet Band also contributed to our pleasure by the serenade and fine music which they discoursed.

Chief of all the business interests in this vicinity is the culture of grape and manufacture of wine. While comparatively a new industry in America, it has grown so rapidly and under such intelligent direction as to compete with the vineyards of France and Spain. In these two valleys alone are manufactured annually 500,000 gallons of wine, equal in every respect to the best in the world. We are indebted to Col. A. J. Switzer, Superintendent of the Urbana Wine Co., and the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., for the enjoyable courtesies of an hour; but this State and this country are indebted to them largely for developing an industry which a few years ago was supposed to be confined to a limited territory of Europe.

The Fairchild Brothers, of Hammondsport, and Mr. M. M. Cass, of the Havana Glen, deserve to be remembered for their kind attention and contribution to the pleasures of our party.

* * *

IF persons were as careful of their health as they are of their wealth, the death rate would be much smaller from that dreadful scourge—consumption. It carries off in the United States in one year ten times more persons than succumb to the yellow fever in the South. Thousands of valuable lives would have been saved from consumption had they used Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hourhound in time. In all cases of whooping cough, croup, asthma and lung affections it has proved to be a certain cure when taken in time. Sold in every drug store. Price 25 cents; extra large bottle, 50c. [6-25.-1m.]

* * *

ENGLISHMEN formerly supposed that American running horses were very inferior to theirs, but during the last two years Parole, Wallenstein, and other fast ones that were sent from this country to England have won hundreds of thousands of dollars for such Americans as the Messrs. Lorillard, James Gordon Bennett, &c. The Englishmen have investigated the reasons for the great success of American horses, and find that they are kept in such fine condition by the constant use of M. B. Roberts' Horse Powders. For sale by V. S. Barker & Bro.

* * *

HAUNTED ME.—"Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."—A Workingman.

* * *

THE BLAIR COUNTY DEMOCRACY.—The following nominations were made at the Democratic county convention held in Hollidaysburg on Monday of last week: Assembly, Hon. D. A. Gilland, George D. Smith; District Attorney, Thomas W. Jackson; Register and Recorder, Abraham Lingelfelter; Treasurer, Lewis K. Neff; Associate Judges, Charles B. Vanclain, James Funk; Poor Director, Joseph W. Kiddle; Coroner, James H. Sloan. John A. Doyle, Esq., of Altoona, was made Chairman of the County Committee.

* * *

THOUSANDS of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. [6-25.-2t.]

* * *

NO HOSPITAL NEEDED.—No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.

* * *

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay. [3-12.-9½m.]

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

AT EVENING IN LORETTO.

I.

The robin sings from garden-tree,
As homeward wends the busy bee;
And merry voices laugh in glee,
At even in Loretto.

II.

The chickens seek the stable nigh,
The chattering birdies homeward fly;
And mothers sing the lullaby
At even in Loretto.

III.

Across the dale, from College hill,
A hum the summer air doth fill,
Ablending with the robin's trill,
At even in Loretto.

IV.

For o'er the valley, in the west,
The monastery, in shadows drest,
Stands proudly up upon the crest
Of hills around Loretto.

V.

And high above, the slender moon,
Suspended o'er the quiet town,
Sheds misty light in beauty down,
At even in Loretto.

VI.

The stars peep twinkling from the sky,
The beetle, humming, wanders by;
And from the fields the crickets cry
At even in Loretto.

VII.

The vesper bell the air doth thrill,
And far-off thoughts the mind doth fill,
Which frame the spirit, calm and still,
At even in Loretto.

VIII.

The kine in lanes do ruminate,
Or stand for milking at the gate,
Or on their wonted meal await,
At even in Loretto.

IX.

And as the night holds on her way,
The little children kneel and pray,
The creed and catechism say,
At even in Loretto.

X.

Now night hath drawn a dusky veil
O'er village, hill, and lowly vale;
O'er convent, too, where, sad and pale,
Dwell Sisters at Loretto.

XI.

Let not discordant vice envy,
Or neighbor fellow-man decry;
For peace from such will surely fly
At even in Loretto.

XII.

But with the peaceful eve fall in,
And fly the wrath and hate of sin;
Then you will feel all right within,
At even in Loretto.
A. D. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. B.—Obiit June 13, 1880.

Toll! toll! toll!
Toll forth young and sweet;
Brushing the dew from life's opening flowers,
With steadfast and willing feet.

Flinging the portals wide
To duty and love's endeavor,
Some chance turned her footsteps aside
Into the unknown forever.

The bride of a few brief years,
Joy's cup had but touched her lips;
Her sun had not reached its meridian sphere
Ere it suffered a total eclipse.

Though brief, her life was complete;
It had done for her all that life may;
It had made her for angelhood meet—
And why should the Master delay?

Toll! toll! toll!
Not for the lost, so dear;
She has no need for knell or dole—
But toll for the grief-stricken here.

Our eyes are blinded by tears,
Striving to see, in vain,
Through the vista of desolate years
The beneficent uses of pain.

But still in the night of our woe
Does faith's steadfast whisper upswell;
'Tis the hand of our Father, we know,
And all that He doeth is well.
***

Ebensburg, June, 1880.

* * *

For Grown PERSONS or the Youngest CHILDREN.
use the old and safe
Dr. Fitler's Soothing Carminative.

It can be given with perfect safety to your baby if only two or three days old. It does not stupefy, but the little thing will go to sleep naturally, and get awake laughing. It cures DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY, no matter how long standing, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SUMMER COMPLAINT, WIND COLIC, fretting and crying of infants (which is always a sign of pain), GREEN STOOL, SOUR VOMITING, SLEEPLESSNESS, and all complaints of the stomach or BOWELS.

Price, 25 cts. a bottle—*a safe and certain cure.* It is the oldest remedy in use, and is recommended by PHYSICIANS. Sold by DRUGGISTS and STOREKEEPERS.

TRY SIMPSON'S LICORICE WORM LOZENGES.
They are pleasant, safe and sure. 25 cts.
Depot, 400 N. Third St., Philad'a, Pa.
☞ Lozenges for sale by N. J. FREIDHOFF and V. S. BARKER & BRO., Ebensburg. [1-23.-11m.]

* * *

He asked her if she'd have him—
He asked the maiden fair:
All gentle was her lily face,
And black her flowing hair.
And then she up and told him
She'd marry him as soon
As she could get her back teeth filled,
And her frontal jaw in tune.

Providing he himself donned and equipped himself in the meantime with a wedding rig suitable for the momentous occasion. He said he would, and went out and bought one of those celebrated outfits of ready-made Rochester clothing sold by Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, Altoona, and she was satisfied. Though these Rochester goods are a specialty, Mr. Wolff also keeps constantly in store all other descriptions of saleable clothing, each article warranted, and marked at nearly Eastern wholesale prices.

* * *

I WOULD not cause one shade of pain
To overspread that face so fair;
Ah! no, dear girl, nor would I deign
To add a mite unto your care.
I would not have that lovely hue
Of features clouded by a frown,
But duty bids me say to you,
Your back hair's all a coming down!

She thanked the young man for his politeness. There are some young men, you know, who can safely talk like the foregoing to a lady. They are the young men who patronize Simon & Bendheim, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, in the purchase of their ready-made clothing, for the ownership of the style of garments sold by that firm is proof positive of gentlemanly tastes and instincts. The stock is the largest held by Simon & Bendheim this season, the nicest, and the cheapest.

* * *

Out of the window she leaned and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet—
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

The usual result followed. The two were in due course of time united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and now both buy whatever of wear they may need for the feet from S. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. His stock of boots, shoes, slippers, sandals, rubbers, etc., for both ladies and gentlemen is not surpassed in extent and variety in interior or Western Pennsylvania, while the prices which govern his sales are from 25 to 50 per cent. lower than a majority of dealers in his line.

* * *

Now are the nominations made
And now the work begins
Of proving every nominee
Guilty of the seven sins;
And now throughout the party press
Loud doth the din arise
Of "branding" either nominee,
And "nailing" "campaign lies."

But there is something to be done in addition to "branding" and "nailing" by the party press. The FREEMAN, at any rate, has something else to do, and this is that: To advise its readers to be sure to patronize Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, when they want to buy a suit of summer clothing. His stock is large, stylish, of good material, and marked down to the lowest notch.

HYMENEAL.

SOMERVILLE—MYERS.—Married, at the residence of the officiating clergyman, in this place, on Thursday, July 1, 1880, by Rev. Brown, Mr. BLAIR SOMERVILLE and Miss HANNAH MYERS, both of East Ridge, Burnside township, Indiana county.

GEORGE—STORM.—Married at the Catholic Church, Summitville, on Tuesday June 29, 1880, by Rev Father Davin, R. L. GEORGE, Esq., of Lilly's, and Miss ROSA, youngest daughter of Mr. J. E. Storm, of the former place.

FULMER—CLEMENT.—Married, at the residence of the bride's father, on Tuesday, June 29, 1880, by Rev. J. J. Hughes, Mr. HENRY FULMER, of Pittsburgh, and Miss SARAH JANE CLEMENT, of this place.

EVANS—HUNT.—Married, at the residence of the bride, on Tuesday, June 29, 1880, by Elder Jas. Darsie, Dr. D. W. EVANS, of this place, and Mrs. JULIA A. HUNT, of Johnstown.

REAM—EMIGH.—Married, in Johnstown, on Tuesday, July 6, 1880, by J. S. Strayer, Esq., Mr. SILAS REAM, of East Conemaugh, and Miss LEAH EMIGH, of Wilmore.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of John Wagner, Assignee of James McMullen, to and amongst the lien creditors and others legally entitled thereto, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 5th day of August, A. D. 1880*, at 9 o'clock, A. M., when and where all those interested may attend if they see proper.
ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, July 9, 1880.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first account of Julius Stich, Assignee of A. J. Stoltz, for the benefit of creditors.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the Assignee, as shown by his account, and also of the deferred payment, on real estate sold by said Assignee, I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office, in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, July 22, 1880*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all interested may attend if they see proper.
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 25, 1880.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MICHAEL EXNER, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Exner, late of Chest township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN O. GILL, Administrator.
Chest Twp., June 25, 1880.-6t.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME
—FOR—
HANCOCK and ENGLISH

THE WEEKLY WORLD will contain each and every week the fullest and most complete [illegible] reports of the progress of the political campaign from each and every State in the Union. [illegible] patches will be telegraphed from the Headquarters of each Democratic State Committee, and will accurately report the exact progress of the great fight for grand old Democratic ideas under the lead of Hancock and English. Every Democrat in the land must keep posted about what is being done all over the country to secure an overwhelming victory at the polls next November.

HELP ON THE GOOD FIGHT!
The Weekly World
will be sent to your address from now until the end of the campaign for
FIFTY CENTS,
Or FROM NOW UNTIL MARCH 4, 1881, for
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS,
POSTAGE PAID.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD
from now till after the campaign, $1.00; or from now till the 1st of March, 1880, $1.50.
The DAILY WORLD
$1 PER MONTH, POSTAGE PAID.
[7-9.-3t.] Address THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CORN & CO.
HAVE DECIDED TO SELL THEIR ENTIRE
STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS

At LOWER PRICES than articles of the kind have ever been offered at, as will be seen by the following quotations at cash figures:

Ladies' Untrimmed Hats	25c.	up.
Children's Hats	20c.	"
Sailor Hats	25c.	"
Ladies' Trimmed Hats	75c.	"
Ladies' Sun Bonnets	25c.	"
Picnic Hats	5c.	"
Children's Lace Caps	50c.	"
Linen Ulsters	$1.25	"

Flowers, Ribbons, Ties, Collars, Laces, Embroideries, Silks, Satins and various other Notions too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at an equal reduction in prices.

Gents' Shirts from	25c.
" White Shirts from	50c.
" Straw Hats from	10c.
" Neckties from	5c.
Boys' Hats from	10c.
" Suspenders from	10c.
Men's Suspenders from	25c.
" Overalls from	25c.
" Working Pants from	$1.00
" Socks from	5c.
" Collars from	3c.
" Cuffs from	5c.

Men's Wool Hats, 50c. up; Men's Fur Hats, $1.00 up; Men's Caps, 25c. up.

Also, a Full Line of Men's Rubber Goods,

Consisting of Coats, Pants and Vests, together with a large and varied stock of other goods for ladies and gents, on all of which prices have been greatly reduced—so much so, indeed, that we will sell some articles at and below cost in order to make room for other goods we are daily receiving.

☞ Thankful for past favors and hoping to be found worthy of a continuance and increase of the same in the future, we remain,

Respectfully, Yours,
CORN & CO.,
281 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

Note.—The above refers especially to our Branch Store in Johnstown, but it should be remembered by those who do their shopping in Altoona that our old-established Store is at 1307 Eleventh Avenue, where we keep a large and varied stock consisting of DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., which we sell at prices that cannot be surpassed in cheapness. [July 9, 1880.-tf.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas, Fieri Facias* and *Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the COURT HOUSE IN EBENSBURG, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1880,

At 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Nicholas Haller, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 50 feet on the Old Portage Railroad and extending back 160 feet to land of heirs of M. M. Adams, adjoining lot of Samuel Lee on the north and lot of M. B. McLaughlin on the south, having thereon erected a two story frame house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Nicholas Haller. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Bracken.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Israel Louder, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Reade township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Oliver Hill, W. P. Walker, Joseph Miller, and others, containing 75 acres, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Israel Louder. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. A. Louder, for use of Delty, Parker & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Francis Freidhoff, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of M. M. Adams' estate and others, containing 5 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story frame house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Francis Freidhoff. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Executors of M. M. Adams, for use of N. J. Freidhoff.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Emanuel W. Louder, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Reade township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Gwin, Rob't Hollen, and others, containing 18 acres, more or less, all which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Emanuel W. Louder. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. M. Troxell.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Krotendorfer, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Beck, Anselm Weakland, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 42 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, log barn and board stable, now in the occupancy of A. Weakland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. McNulty, for use of Henry Hopple and Jas. Kirkpatrick.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of August Reich, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jos. Wright, John Wright, Jas. F. Skelly, and heirs of Wm. Brookbank, deceased, containing 42 acres, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of —— ——. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Aaron Sherbine.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Kimmell, of, in and to the undivided moiety or half interest of a lot of ground situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 26 feet on High street and extending back 132 feet to lot of William S. Lloyd, adjoining lot of Robert Evans on the east and an alley on the west, having thereon erected a two story frame house, with a one story kitchen attached, now in the occupancy of John G. Lake, and a one story house, now in the occupancy of Jed. Dow. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. L. Kirkpatrick.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds on confirmation of the deed. THOMAS GRIFFITH, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 6, 1880.-3t.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at Brinker's store, on Franklin street, in the borough of Johnstown, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880,

At 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Philipina Kaylor, Charles Kaylor and August Keifline, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Woodvale, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Maple avenue and running back to the Pennsylvania Rail Road, adjoining lot of George Kough on the east and lot of Charles Wendell on the west, having thereon erected a one story frame shop and board stable, now in the occupancy of Geo. Kough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Henry Gick.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Casper Von Alt, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Second ward of Cambria borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Broad street, adjoining lot of J. P. M'Conaughy on the west, lot of Cambria Iron Company on the south, and a street on the east, having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, now in the occupancy of John Stinely and Lewis Jacobs. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Nicholas Freidhoff.

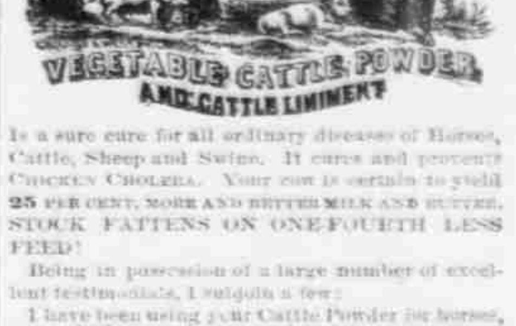
TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds on confirmation of the deed. THOMAS GRIFFITH, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 6, 1880.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the second and final accounts of Margaret McGuire and John E. Shields, Administrators of the estate of Michael McGuire, deceased.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the said Administrators, as shown by their said account, I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 22d day of July, 1880*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all interested may attend if they see proper.
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 25, 1880.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county "Auditor to ascertain the shares of the heirs in the estate of Mary A. Nagle, deceased, as shown by the recognizance of Mary Jane Krise et al.," hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, August 6, 1880*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of the said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.
A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, June 25, 1880.-3t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, and was enclosed by me on the 28th of June, a three-year-old dark brindle steer, without any marks. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; failing in which, he will be disposed of as the law directs.
July 9, 1880.-3t.* MRS. JOHN CASSIDY.



Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a FIRST-CLASS thing.—GEORGE BOND, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. THE COW GAVE NEARLY TWICE THE QUANTITY OF MILK she did before. My chickens were dying, but were CURED IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.
Yours, truly. JONAS CASOUR, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, with SUCCESS IN EVERY CASE.—JOS. WEAVER, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one droopy turkey or chicken since.—MRS. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter CURED THE CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 531 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the Receipts and Expenditures of Chest Springs Borough for the year ending April 31, 1880:

ANTHONY WILLS, Treasurer, DR.

To cash received	$76.86	
" judgment on A. Wills' docket	31.20	
" fines collected	3.00	—$111.06

CR.

By am't paid H. A. McPike, print'g	$20.15	
" " Borough order of E. Fry	5.39	
" " Henry Cooper judgment	33.34	
" " Henry Mellon note	14.15	
" " Wm. H. Sechler, att'y's fees	10.00	
" " paid Auditors' orders, 1878	3.25	—$86.19
Balance due Borough		24.87

HENRY MELLON, Collector, DR.

To amount of fines collected	$9.75

CR.

By expenses	2.50
Balance due Borough	$7.25

E. D. FRY, Street Commissioner, DR.

To amount of Duplicate		$74.80

CR.

By work and exonerations	$22.57	
" orders paid	36.93	
" percentage on cash tax	1.83	
" services as Street Commissioner	7.95	
" amount paid for lumber	4.80	—$73.23
Balance due Borough		$1.57

CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH, CR.

By judgment on S. M. Douglass' docket	$38.60
" balance due from Anthony Wills	24.87
" " " " H. Mellon	7.25
" " " " E. D. Fry	1.57
	$72.27

We, the undersigned Auditors, have examined the above accounts and find the same correct.
JOHN WAGNER,
W. W. SAUPP, Auditors.
[7-9.-3t.] W. R. JONES,

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER

BY using a 25 cent package of ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S Preparation, which will give you five gallons of

AROMATIC BIRCH BEER!

Composed of roots and herbs that are specially healthful, giving tone and vigor to the system. It is nutritious, an excellent preventive of Summer Complaints, a Tonic, and a Blood Purifier. It is cooling and refreshing without being stimulating. *Endorsed by Physicians and Temperance Advocates.*

I have tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, and consider it superior to any article of the kind I ever tried.—JAMES LONGWELL, Ceylon Spice Mills, 147 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Having tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, I regard it as an excellent Summer Drink. My neighbors think likewise. SAMUEL [illegible], Successor to G. W. SCHOCH, Pub. *Telegraph*, Millinburg, Union Co., Pa.

If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live in the country, you can have a package forwarded to you by sending 25 cents to Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 3d & Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
June 25, 1880.-1y.

THE
LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER!

THE LANCASTER WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER (without Supplement containing Local News) will be sent until after the Presidential Election at the following rates:

One Copy,	10 Cts.	
Ten Copies,	35 "	Each.
Twenty-five Copies,	25 "	"
To a Single Subscriber, 1 Year,	$ 1.25	
Five Copies, 1 Year,	5.50	
Ten " "	10.00	

STEINMAN & HENSEL, Pubs.,
Lancaster, Pa.

A STEAM MAN.

HOW A MECHANICAL "TRAMP" WAS MADE TO WALK FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE PUBLIC, AND WAS FINALLY BROKEN UP FOR JUNK IRON.

On the sidewalk in front of an iron and machine shop in Centre street may be seen an iron image of a man—that is, so far as the trunk goes to make up the image, the legs and arms being missing. This curious figure attracts the attention of passers-by, many of whom suppose that it was once used to ornament a sea-going vessel or as a statue in some city or country dooryard. The fact is the image is what remains of the famous steam man, that attracted so much attention from the public about twelve years ago. The steam man was the invention of a Staten Island genius named Adolph Byrne, who worked a long time to perfect his singular machine. When completed, the concern was sold to a stock company, who made a moderate fortune by exhibiting it in New York, and other cities throughout the United States. The newspapers teemed with accounts of the wonderful performances of the steam man. On one occasion, when the invention was being experimented with at Stapleton, S. I., a report was spread that the steam man had escaped from the keeper and was running at full speed through the streets of the village. People became alarmed for the safety of their children, and the little ones were hurried out of harm's way and kept indoors. The peace of mind of many a poor mother was destroyed by the terrible apprehension lest her children be crushed under the iron wheel of the monster. The fact was the so-called monster had not escaped at all, but was a prisoner in the building that had been leased for the exhibition.

The steam man was on exhibition in a vacant store on Broadway, in this city in the summer of 1868, and the place was thronged with visitors. Ladies and gentlemen of all ranks and classes of society called to see the iron wonder tramp to and fro on the floor of the store. Among the visitors were such men as Commodore Vanderbilt, John Errieson, Peter Cooper and S. F. B. Morse, all of whom took a deep interest in the machine from a scientific point of view. The steam man was about 5 feet 10 inches tall. His face has iron sternness of expression. He was never known to smile, and it is common remark that he was a hard-featured fellow, and looked upon life with stoical indifference. His head was round as a pumpkin, and the crown was painted black to resemble hair. The neck was somewhat too long, and the trunk was so corpulent that the figure resembled that of well-fed aldermen. There was a good reason for the corpulency, for the trunk was the boiler in which the steam was generated to furnish the power whereby the iron image was made to walk. A door opened into the stomach, which was the furnace into which the coal which supplied the fire was placed.

The feet were immensely heavy, as they had to balance the body, so as to prevent the figure from falling prone upon the floor. The walking apparatus was not as complicated as might be supposed. The steam man was, in fact, nothing more nor less than a walking doll, such as are sold in the various toy shops, reproduced on a large scale, and with steam instead of springs as the motive power. The movements of the steam man were neither rapid nor graceful. He was indeed a very clumsy fellow, and could not walk otherwise than upon a floor, the sidewalk or some level surface. Furthermore, he could not proceed except in a straight line. It was impossible for him to turn himself either to the right or the left.

When he was on exhibition in the vacant store in on Broadway the "show" was conducted something after this fashion: A walk or path about six feet wide was railed off on one side of the store the whole length of the building, which was about 125 feet long. The steam man was put in motion once every half hour. Before he was started the showman would say: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is the most wonderful invention of the age. I have the pleasure of introducing to your notice the famous steam man whose exploits have attracted the critical attention of many of the leading scientific men of the age. This machine can outwalk Weston or any other human pedestrian. We keep him fenced in with a railing so that he cannot get out and trample upon the people. Some persons may fear that the steam man will explode. Now, my friends, there is not the least danger on this score. His body, which is the boiler, is made of cast iron, and the walls are fully three inches in thickness. Then he has a pressure gauge and a safety valve. It is impossible for him to burst as it would be for an old fashioned kitchen range."

While the showman was making the above little speech an assistant was busy stirring up the fire in the bowels of the iron man and getting up a good head of steam. When all was in readiness the throttle valve was opened, and the machine walked off with a heavy tramp, that shook the whole building. The exhibitor and his assistant walked on either side of the apparatus, ready to catch him if he stumbled or was in danger of falling. When the machine had walked the length of the track he was seized and faced about the other way, so that he could retrace his steps. By the time the machine had reached the starting point again the steam would be so low that the apparatus would not work until more steam was generated.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," remarked the showman, "you have seen all there is to see and you are requested to leave the building and make room for other people who are outside waiting to come in to see this macvelous steam man."

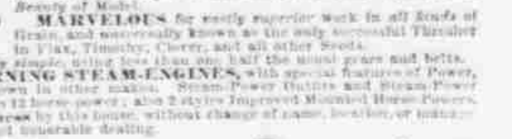
It is estimated that the owners of the steam man realized upward of $50,000 by exhibiting him in New York and other cities. Finally the machine ceased to be a novelty, and was no longer a source of profit to the proprietors. They leased the steam man to a speculator, who took him to England and placed him on exhibition in London and Liverpool. The English people, however, cared very little about him, and very few paid their shillings to see him walk. The lessees brought him back to America, and after he had changed hands several times, he was sold for old iron.

The inventor of the steam-man also devoted much time to perfecting a steam-wagon, with which he hoped to do away with the use of horses. In this he was in a measure sucessful. His wagon could be pushed to a speed of between seven and eight miles per hour. The idea was utilized in building a self-propelling steam fire engine, which is now in use by the fire department of this city.—*New York Star.*

PREHISTORIC AFRICA.—Doctor Emil Holub, the Austrian traveler, in a recent lecture before the British Anthropological institute, on the central South Africa tribes, mentioned that he found along the South African coasts clear traces of extinct tribes who, judging from their relics and other indications, must have been of a very type. Passing further into the interior, there were evident relics of quite a different stage of culture, reminding him of the great African empire which the Portugese marked on their maps at Mononatapa. Among them were workings of ancient mines, some even of gold, and the ruins of a rude kind of cyclopean fortifications. Such evidences, he held, pointed to exterminated tribes, and testified to the antiquity of the average African rule of warfare, which destroys all the males and allots the wives and children to the victors as slaves.—*Popular Science.*

THE LE FEVRE LUNG PAD
A Positive Remedy and Cure
For CONSUMPTION, SPITTING OF BLOOD, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUCHS, COLDS, CATARRH in all its forms, and all Diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS.
THE MOST HEALING REMEDIAL AGENT KNOWN TO SCIENCE.
Cures by *Absorption.* *Ten Minutes* wear will demonstrate its healing qualities.
THROW AWAY YOUR COD LIVER OIL and COUGH SYRUPS.
The LE FEVRE LUNG PAD acts *directly upon the part affected* and *cures by a natural process of revitalization.*
Why dose the Stomach with nauseous drugs when the seat of disease is the *Lungs?*
The Pad is composed of Balsams and Cordials of the most soothing and healing character. Many of its ingredients are *exceedingly rare,* and found only in France, where every Pad sold by us is manufactured.
THIS GREAT REMEDY AND CURE
Has attracted the widest attention on the Continent, and has effected *thousands of cures,* many of which have seemed *miraculous* rather than cases of natural healing.
We have the most *unequivocal testimony* to their curative powers, from persons of high character and intelligence. We *guarantee* that the
LE FEVRE LUNG PAD
Will heal and strengthen and prolong life in the *WORST CASES of TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION,* and will effect a *cure in every case* if the disease has only recently been contracted. Persons suffering from
Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Weak Lungs or Blood Spitting, will find the Pad an inestimable boon!
FOR SALE ONLY BY THE
HOLMES MEDICINE CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.
Who are the Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.
The LE FEVRE LUNG PAD is *not for sale at Drug Stores.* We save the enormous Druggists' profits to the buyer by importing in large lots. The duties on these goods are heavy, and to realize a profit on them the Druggist would be compelled to double our price.
Beware of Imitations!
PRICE:—1 Pad, $2.00; 3 Pads, $5.00.
☞Sent by mail postage paid, or by express, to any part of the United States or Canada. Address
THE HOLMES MEDICINE CO.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
June 4, 1880.—6m.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO. Battle Creek, Mich.
Established in 1848.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
"VIBRATOR"
Threshing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.
THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the Grain-Raising World.
MATCHLESS for Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Cleaning, Rapid and Thorough Work.
INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, Perfection of Parts, Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Beauty of Model.
MARVELOUS for vastly superior work in all kinds of Grain, and universally known as the only successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Clover, and all other Seeds.
ASTONISHINGLY DURABLE and wonderfully simple, using less than one half the usual gears and belts.
PORTABLE, TRACTION, and STRAW-BURNING STEAM-ENGINES, with special features of Power, Durability, Safety, Economy, and Beauty entirely unknown in other makes. Steam-Power Outfits and Steam-Power Separators a specialty. Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse power; also 2 styles Improved Mounted Horse Powers.
32 Years of Prosperous and Continuous Business by this house, without change of name, location, or management, furnishes a strong guarantee for superior goods and honorable dealing.
CAUTION! The wonderful success and popularity of our VIBRATOR Machinery has driven other machines to the wall; hence various makers are now attempting to build and palm off inferior and mongrel imitations of our famous goods.
BE NOT DECEIVED
by such experimental and worthless machinery. If you buy at all, get the "ORIGINAL" and the "GENUINE" from us.
☞For full particulars call on our dealers, or write to us for Illustrated Circulars, which we mail free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.



GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.
are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcoholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES
Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.
(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)
A vegetable preparation and the only sure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.
☞Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.
☞For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.
☞For the cure of Bright's and the other diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.
WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.
It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.
It cures Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions and Diseases, including Cancers, Ulcers, and other Sores.
Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.
Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50c. and $1.00.
WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE
Quickly gives Rest and Sleep to the suffering, cures Headache and Neuralgia, prevents Epileptic Fits, and relieves Nervous Prostration brought on by excessive drink, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.
Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed Nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.
Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50c. and $1.00.
WARNER'S SAFE PILLS
Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhea, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used whenever the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. No other Pills require such small doses for thorough work. Price 25 cts. a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE
SAFE DIABETES CURE
SAFE BITTERS
SAFE NERVINE
SAFE PILLS
READ! SAVE THYSELF
H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
☞Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

D. I. C.
Is an absolute and irresistible cure for
DRUNKenness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics and Stimulants, removing all taste, desire and habit of using any of them, rendering the taste or desire for any of them perfectly odious and disgusting. Giving every one perfect and irresistible control of the sobriety of themselves and their friends.
It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.
Package, prepaid, to cure 1 to 5 persons, $2, or at your druggists, $1.75 per bottle.
Temperance societies should recommend it. It is perfectly harmless and never-failing.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. Sole Agents.
Hop Cough Cure destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves, produces rest, and never fails to cure.
The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect—ask druggists.
The Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., of Rochester, N. Y. on'y prepare these remedies, also the Hop Bitters, which are in no sense a beverage or intoxicant, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made, making more cures than all other remedies.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

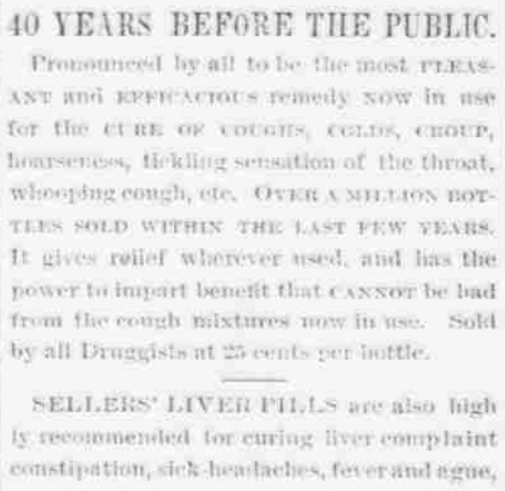
DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

JOHN MURPHY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in building recently occupied by Dr. A. M. Keim, on High street, west of Julian, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Night calls should be made at the office. [3-20, '80.-tf.]

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fast-selling pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!
40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.
SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.
R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
October 24, 1879.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS
Serve an Injunction on Disease
By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and innutritious circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
TRADE MARK The Great English Remedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, TRADE MARK
BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.
Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. ☞Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. ☞The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
The Gray Medicine Co.,
Mechanics' Block, DETROIT, MICH.
☞SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street [1-21,'76.-tf.]

BUCKWHEAT.

Of all grains on the farm doubtless buckwheat is one of the most profitable, since the labor employed in growing and harvesting a crop is not one-half that bestowed in the growing and harvesting of oats, wheat, etc. In some sections of the country, particularly in Ohio, Pennsylvania and some of the New England States, this grain is an important product, for the reason that it flourishes comparatively well on poor soils and is usually a sure crop to plant. Its uses are various and the demand always good. Its use as one of our principal breadstuffs is well known, and "hot griddles" are a necessary appendage to every good breakfast, particularly during the winter and spring months.—When mixed with other grains, especially corn and oats, it makes a most excellent kind of provender, and is greatly relished by swine. For winter feeding it is excellent, as it is of a heating nature, and for this reason should only be fed in moderate quantities. For poultry it is one of the best grains we have, and is only surpassed for egg production by refuse wheat. Buckwheat requires a light, warm soil, mellow and not over fertile, and, like beans, when planted on rich soil the straw is more abundant than the grain, and therefore too rich soil is not favorable for a large yield.—Properly speaking, there are only two sorts cultivated—the black or brown and the silver hull. The first variety is mostly planted, and is excellent for all purposes for which the grain is used. The latter sort is claimed by some to be much superior to the former, while others who have tested it pronounce it inferior. The silver hull ripens a few days earlier and continues longer in bloom, while it is claimed by some growers that the yield per acre is nearly double under the same conditions. The grain is of a fine light color, varying slightly in shade, and the corners are much less prominent than in an ordinary variety, while the husk is a trifle thinner. The flour is whiter, more like wheat, and is quite as nutritious as the black variety. As a honey plant it is quite valuable, but gives a dark color to the comb and is heavy bodied, but the flavor is ordinarily good, though not equal to that made from white clover. The seed should be sown from the 1st to the 15th of July, at the rate of from three pecks to a bushel to the acre, and should be harrowed and bushed in. It is a rapid growing grain, matures in September and should be cut before it is ripe, to avoid shelling. Cut when the dew is off, and after the straw is dry, rake into little bundles and stand on end, giving the top a little twist so that the straw will hang together and not fall over. The yield of good soil is from fifteen to twenty-five bushels to the acre, the former being about the average yield. The straw heretofore has been considered worthless save for bedding, but a late experiment made in steaming and adding a little meal has resulted in proving conclusively that when fed in small quantities it can be utilized as a very good mash for stock. There is doubtless very little nutriment in straw, but when sprinkled with the meal it becomes valuable and palatable. It is said to be of a loosening nature, hence it may be fed with decided advantage during the winter. A variety of food for stock is especially valuable, and by occasionally feeding the straw, in connection with hay and oat straw, will no doubt result in good farm stock. Almost every farmer has some piece of ground adapted to this grain, and while not rich enough for corn and other grains, will produce a good crop of this sort of wheat. On new land the crop is most abundant, while the grain is plump and large. We can confidently recommend the growing of buckwheat to all who do not ordinarily grow this important product. It will help to eke out the other sorts grown, and the result in feeding will be satisfactory.—*Farm and Friend.*

The Saddle Horse on the Farm.

"The memory of man extendeth to the day," says the Nashville *American,* "when the boys on the farm were not too proud to ride a fine young horse to church or to see the girls. They took pride in the colts, and taught them to move freely under the saddle, and above all when the colt was broken he was taught to walk. Now the boys must have a fine buggy and harness, and the colt must show his style and speed all the time. The boy is in too great a hurry to allow the colt to walk. The colt, buggy and boy are soon a used-up set, by fast driving. The whole business of buggy-riding by farmers' boys is expensive, extravagant and demoralizing. Not one farmer in ten can afford such a turnout for the lad. Many of them buy a buggy and let it stand in the sun and storm. They are too poor to have a house for vehicles. Such men cannot afford the luxury of a buggy. If we could return to the fashion of riding more on horseback we would save millions to the farmers, and the boys and girls would develop better forms and have better health. Any lazy lout can ride in a buggy, but to be a graceful rider on horseback one must have some energy and get-up in his nature. There is life and health in riding on horseback. The whole system feels the invigorating effect of it. The rider and horse catch the fire of sympathy and excitement in the run, or fast paces, and every nerve of the body is brought into healthful and invigorating play. The mania for trotting horses has been felt on every farm in the land. The country is full of road horses that some man or boy loves to pull the strings on. They are usually poor saddled horses, slow walkers and rough. We need a reform. The place to begin is in breeding a class of horses of good size, style and action, that can move freely in more than one gait. The English market is open for such horses. The well-knit horse of good style and action, suitable for the hunter or a carriage, will bring better prices than our average horse. The farmer will find it to his interest to raise a class of colts that the boys will like to ride. He can raise three or four fine saddle colts for what one buggy and harness will cost, and a fair saddle horse will bring more than the average roadster."

FARMERS who do not make gilt-edge butter and do not always find a ready, renumerative market for the same, may keep it for a rise in the price by packing the same in sweet tubs or spare jars and covering it with strong brine, or by making it into rolls which are done up in cloth and kept in a barrel of brine; but in this case it must be borne in mind that unless the brine is fully saturated with salt, it will draw from the butter and so injure it; or, again, unless the whole is perfectly submerged, it is liable to become tainted and so extend to the brine and thus eventually injure the whole.

ICE CREAM.—Four quarts of new milk, one and a half pounds of white sugar, one dozen eggs, well beaten; stir this together; place it in a thin dish and put in a kettle of boiling water; when the water boils briskly around the dish stir into the cream one tablespoonful of corn starch previously dissolved in a little cold milk, and then take the dish out of the hot water and put it in a cool place; when it is only blood warm flavor it to suit the taste and then freeze.

THE mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle.—If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden it will of itself shoot up weeds or flowers.

A STRANGE BIRD.

An interesting story respecting the habits, under peculiar circumstances, of the chapparal cock, commonly known as the "road runner," is related by a California lady, who takes pleasure in reproducing any interesting matter regarding the natural beauties of her native State: It appears that a family named Davies, being engaged in olive culture, occupied the "Old Mission" at San Diego, around which is a dense growth of cactus, passing through which, one day, Mr. Davies heard a strange noise resembling the sound made by a pair of pigeons billing and cooing, winding up with a succession of short, quick, jerky notes, thus—per-root! per-root! per-root! The listener searched until he discovered the cause of his surprise, which was a nest of four young birds of the species Geococcyx Californionus. He took them home, and succeeded easily in raising them in a coop, like chickens, the old ones feeding them. Their beautiful plumage soon attracted the attention of a number of visitors to the Old Mission.

The birds were finally released, but they regularly returned at night to the coop and lingered around, becoming satisfied habitues of the barnyard. Two of them died. The two remaining fought until one vanquished the other, which for a while repaired to the cactus, but returned with the nest-making season. In the meantime the sole remaining bird had become so selfish in its attachment to Miss Davies that it became a nuisance to the household. It would allow no living thing near her, showing its jealousy by darting fiercely at the object of its hatred, pecking it furiously with its hard bill, whether cat, dog or child, oftentimes drawing blood, after which it would retire satisfied. For its own dainty consumption it would bring in beetles, bugs, spiders, and when anything larger was captured—for instance, a lizard or small snake—it would fly to its mistress, strut around her until noticed and petted for its enterprise, during which it coos like a parrot whose feathers are being rubbed down. With the returned mate it began a nest on a small table by the window in the young lady's room. The nest—a most uncomfortable affair, about the depth of a soup-plate—was made of large, rough sticks, some of them about ten inches long, which they brought and laid on the outside of the window-sill, if the window remained closed, for the occupant of the room to add to the nest, which she faithfully did, and the nest was soon completed, the inner lining being dry grass and straw. But one egg was laid in this rude nest in its present location, inasmuch as the male one day decided the fate of "household and home" by bringing to his mate a large gopher snake, which twirled itself around his beak more than half alive, whereupon, with a peculiar nervous sensation, the lady immediately removed their lodging to the "cold ground" among the cactus, where the birds hatched a promising brood, and again brought them to the house for food like chickens. The young birds are much like young turkeys, and at full size are about as large as half-grown turkey hens. The "road runner" particularly mentioned never forgot its attachment to Miss Davies, and would follow her everywhere after its chicks were grown; they only parted when the family left the country, leaving the birds behind, which they now regret.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SKUNK.

A fuller acquaintance with the habits of the skunk would lead us to consider it one of the most valuable friends. We make our acquaintance with it, however, through the sense of smell, or the death of young chickens and ducks, of which the skunk is very fond. The intense odor of the skunk is oppressive, and it makes its presence known in a way that is unique and searching. While the fragrance of the skunk is sui generis and overpowering, it is not damaging as that from sewers and sinks and neglected potato bins and cabbage pits. Judging the latter from odor alone, they must be condemned more surely than the odoriferous skunk. We know the uses of potatoes and cabbages, and think of their good qualities. But not so with the skunk. Let us see if we cannot afford to endure them on the farm, and allow them an occasional chicken or duck for a change of diet. The skunk is pre-eminently an insectivorous animal. He diligently pursues his calling at night when insects are most abundant and, when his enemies, dogs and men, are asleep. He devours even the Colorado potato-bug (decem-lineata) and finds a rich morsel in the strawberry-grub (lachonestra). He makes hearty meals on cut worms, and gorges himself with white grubs, the larvæ of the May beetle, which he roots after in the loose sod, or the decaying hay or straw about stack-yards. He plows through the litter and leaves gathered in the nooks and corners of the fields, which are the coverts and breeding-places of the myriads of chinch bugs. He reaches millions of enemies in secluded places which men cannot reach with the plow, or rake, or fire. We may clear the litter and trash from our fields, but the corners and fence-rows harbor the enemy we try to destroy. A kind providence has sent to our aid this half-domestic animal, which increases like the Norway rat in populated districts, and for the common reason that his food is more abundant there. We wish we could see some like compensation in the presence of the rat, but science has not yet revealed it, and American civilization has not, like Chinese, found use for it. The skunk, unlike the rat, pays as it goes. We can afford to take care of the chickens and ducks and let the skunks multiply. Build the walls of our porches and dwellings so the skunks can not get under them, and they will keep at such a distance from our homes as not to offend us. The old Greek motto, "Know thyself," is a good one, and it suggests a good one for us, "Farmer know thy friends."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

FELONS AND RUSTY NAILS.—Elder Evans, the Shaker, says: "For the past ten years we have treated felons with hot water, and with unerring success. No cutting, no blistering, no anything, but immersing the finger, hand, or even the whole arm, if necessary, in water as hot as can be borne until the pain is gone and the core is loosened and drawn from the bone.

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Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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April 9, 1880.-3m.

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GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'73.]

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MARK WAIN ON THE ANT.

HIS OPINION DISAGREES WITH SOLOMON'S.

Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him. Certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet seen a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world, when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away—no matter, he can't find it.

He makes his capture, as I have said, it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful to his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it.

At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been all over the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zig-zag country, and by and by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle and starts. He goes through the same adventures he had before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper-leg is a noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere." Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then, with a judgment peculiarly antic (but not intentional), they take hold of opposite ends of that grasshopper leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest, and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result.—Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, and the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for awhile; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way, but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up, he hangs on, and gets his shins bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By-and-by, when that grasshopper leg has been dragged all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoughtfully and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it.

* * *

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.—A teaspoonful or more of powdered borax thrown into the bath-tub while bathing, will communicate a velvety softness to the water and at the same time invigorate and rest the bather. Persons troubled with nervousness or wakeful nights will find this kind of a bath a great benefit.

A noted cure for neuralgia is hot vinegar vaporized. Heat a flat-iron sufficiently hot to vaporize the vinegar, cover this with some woolen material, which is moistened with vinegar, and the apparatus is at once applied to the painful spot. The application may be repeated until the pain disappears.

To stiffen a crape veil, always keep it folded pressed under a heavy book, and when it looks gray, take alcohol enough to wet it thoroughly, and then shake it dry, fold it nicely and press.

To clean brushes and sponges, use spirits of ammonia and hot water. Rinse them well and shake the water out, drying on a coarse towel with the bristles downward. Little or no soap is needed.

If you want good starch, mix it with water; add boiling water until it thickens, then add a dessert-spoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter. This makes a stiff and glossy finish, equal to the laundry.

Never put a particle of soap about your silverware, says the proprietor of an old silver establishment, if you would have it retain its original lustre. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard.

RAIN.—Rain is the moisture of the atmosphere condensed into drops large enough to fall with perceptible velocity to the earth. The water thus precipitated is quite pure, except in so far as it absorbs a slight quantity of air, carbonic acid and ammonia from the atmosphere. The formation of rain is in general a continuation of the processes of the formation of clouds, dew and fog.—The deposition of moisture depends upon the cooling of the atmosphere, but concerning the precise process by which that cooling is affected erroneous views have been widely entertained. In general it may be said that the temperature of a given mass of warm moist air is lowered in the ordinary course of atmospheric phenomena by one or other of the following four processes: 1. By radiation to the cold sky. 2. By radiation to neighboring masses of cold air or the cold ground. 3. By mixture with cooler air. 4. By the absorption of heat in the expansion of ascending air. The fourth of the above processes is doubtless by far the most efficient of all in lowering the temperature and producing rain.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—Be vigilant but never suspicious.

Affection is at best a deformity.

Confine your tongue lest it confine you.

Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

A wounded reputation is seldom cured.

Man prevents misery—woman relieves it.